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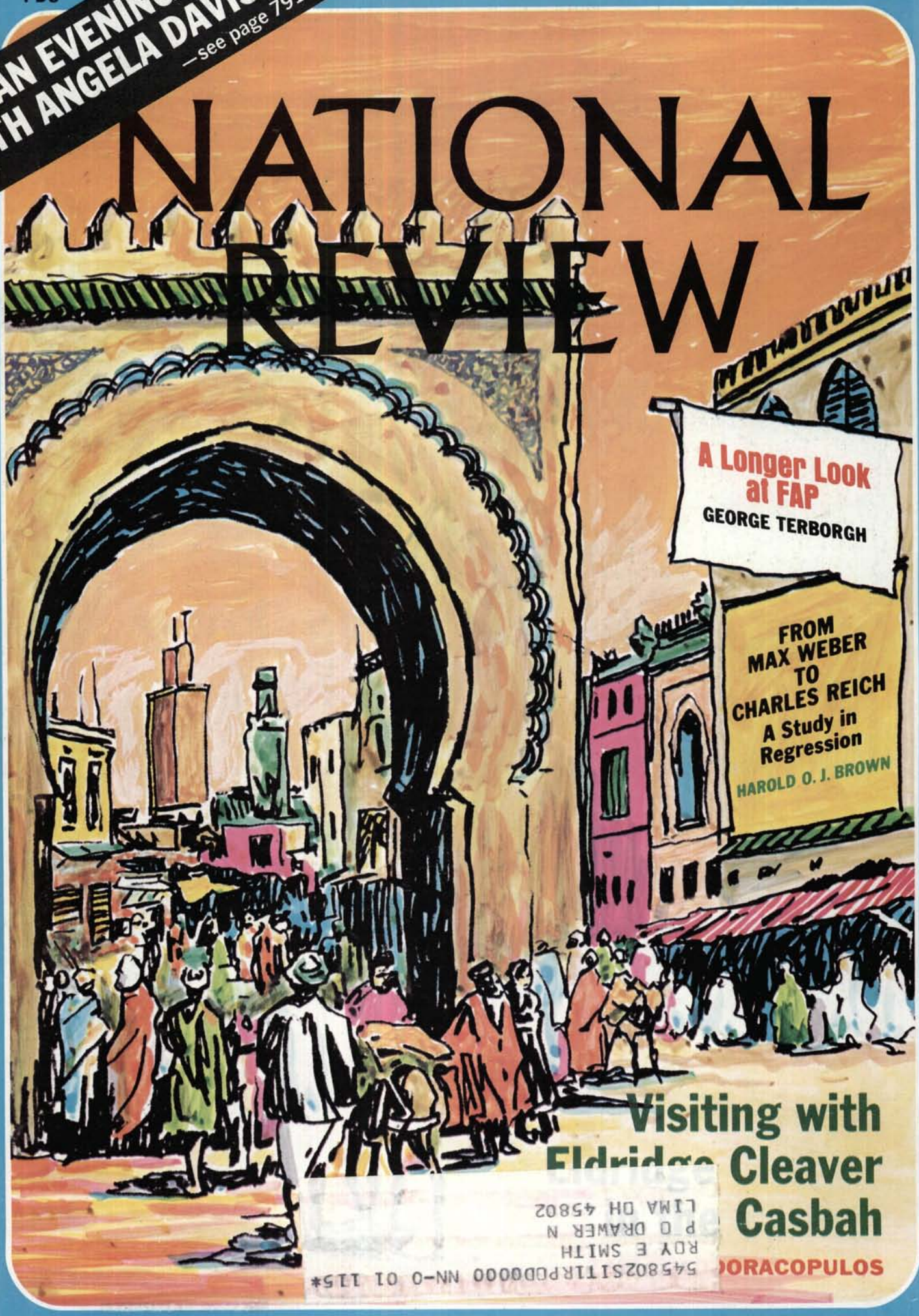
AN EVENING
TH ANGELA DAVIS
—see page 791

NATIONAL REVIEW



A Longer Look at FAP
GEORGE TERBORGH

FROM MAX WEBER TO CHARLES REICH
A Study in Regression
HAROLD O. J. BROWN

Visiting with Eldridge Cleaver
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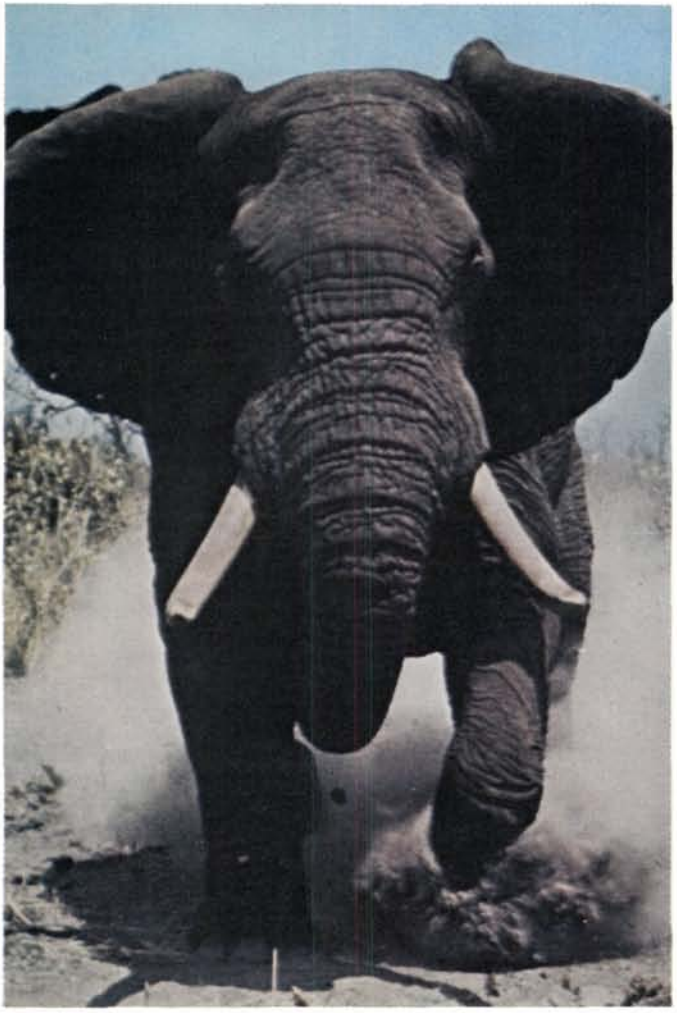

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Elephant country looks as though a storm had raged through it. Great Maroela trees have been uprooted by the giant foragers who seek their intoxicating fruit. And the sight of a tipsy elephant is something you'll never see at the city zoo.

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Will you survive the next crash?

Harry Schultz says it's coming — probably in 1973 or 1974. Are you protected? Are you taking the steps that could double, even triple your money?

Most people were hit hard in the 1969-70 market. It was only a hint of the panic ahead, says financial expert Harry Schultz.

Must you stand by helpless, while your life savings melt away like an ice cube in July? While friends and other investors walk around dazed, ruined? Not at all! You still have time to take the steps Dr. Schultz spells out for you in his new handbook of financial protection, *Panics & Crashes and How You Can Make Money Out of Them.*

WARNING SIGNS

Harry Schultz shows you how to make sure the next panic won't take you by surprise.

- Four symptoms of the coming panic. How to act on them.
- Before the thermometer bursts: how to calculate when inflation will destroy our currency . . . or any foreign currency.
- The worldwide "X" factor.
- Two rules for beating the panic. (Never forget them.)

Much of the Schultz expertise grows out of his knowledge of yesterday's panics and crashes: why they happened, and how the canny few were able to see what was in store and come out ahead.

- The psychology of panics. Why most people *have* to be optimistic. How to make the herd instinct work for you.
- What your broker won't tell you.
- Learning from history: the South Sea Bubble. Credit vulnerability and the Mississippi Company of 18th-century France. How it resembles America's fiscal position today.
- The Six Steps of the Vicious Cycle.
- William Durant, Bernard Baruch, Robert Rhea, Joseph Kennedy: financial wizards who made fortunes while others were losing theirs. How you can imitate them (even if on a smaller scale).
- The classic cyclical movements. The Kitchen Cycle; the Shipbuilding Cycle; the Pig Cycle.
- How smart Brazilians survive galloping inflation.
- 1929 — granddaddy of all crashes. *Why its grandchild is just around the corner.*
- Winding down the Spanish-American War: the financial effects. A clue for post-Vietnam America.
- Jesse ("The Trader") Livermore's two outstanding techniques for stock market profits.
- Four ways shrewd investors made money out of the great German inflation.

HOW TO GUARD YOUR MONEY BEFORE THE NEXT CRASH

There's nothing tricky about Dr. Schultz's advice. No magic formula. No mumbo-jumbo. Just a series of sensible alternatives, each one tailored for a different type of person.

Some are frankly speculative (great rewards here, but some risks too). Some promise sizable capital gains, with minimal risks. Some are geared to people who must protect the money they now have.

- How to use debt as a hedge.
- Two good bonds to buy. Two to avoid like the plague (even though one is always peddled as a "blue chip").
- The Schultz Gold Portfolio: eleven gold stocks recommended. Their current status. Their potential.
- Two legal ways to own gold (plus one intriguing technique you'll want to check out with your lawyer).
- The three foreign currencies that look sound for investors.
- Some little-known prospects for safety.
- The one indispensable source of information for gold coin collectors.
- How to move funds from one country to another in times of financial crisis.
- The three tests for capital survival. Can your money pass all three?

WHO NOT TO LISTEN TO

The main reason so many investors and savers get caught in a crash is that they live in a fool's paradise. They accept all the conventional wisdom, all the cliches that government and banking and Wall Street have a stake in fostering. *But it is precisely the failure of these cliches that brings on panics and crashes — and suffering for millions of helpless people.*

Harry Schultz takes a hard look at these cliches. Careful men and women will want to ponder his words:

- Does your broker tell you that common stocks are the best hedge against inflation? Harry Schultz looks at history — and his answer should make you review your own portfolio.
- Two reasons why Schultz warns against silver.
- The booby trap buried in hedge funds.
- Commodity futures: too wild for the average man? Two facts the speculators had better not forget.
- One area where it pays to be skeptical of your broker.
- Convertible debentures: sound hedge, or phony?
- Common stocks today: the dangers ahead. Why so few pros can make them pay.
- Schultz on real estate: what you must do with your property — *now*.

BANKS: SOME AREN'T AS SAFE AS YOU THINK

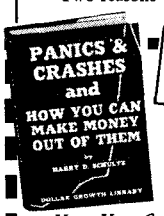
- The only kind of bank that passes all three survival tests.
- The one kind of bank to avoid at all costs.
- Two things you should look for on a bank's balance sheet.
- Fourteen advantages of Swiss banks. Eight services they can perform for you.
- The FDIC: a house of cards?
- Another domestic savings institution you should be warned about.

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR MONEY IF HARRY SCHULTZ IS WRONG?

Everyone hopes he is. A depression is a horrible experience for most people.

Fortunately, as Dr. Schultz explains, if you take his advice but there is no crash, you'll still keep your money safe — and even increase it!

And if the worst does happen, you'll be one of the few who come out better than before.



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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 28 JULY 21, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **Taki Theodoracopulos** visits cloak-and-daggerland, and reports on the new breed of international conspirator—no 007, but clearly on to a good thing. Mr. T., the scion of a distinguished Greek family, struck out on his own a couple of years back, determined to make it as a newsman. Since then he has reported for us from Indochina, the Middle East and his homeland. . . . Several years back, the only way harmful pollutants could be removed from auto exhausts was with a catalytic muffler that wouldn't work in the presence of lead. Thus began the antilead campaign. Now, **Arthur Gerunda** tells us, new catalysts have been developed that aren't bothered by lead—despite which the campaign rolls expensively along, purely on its own momentum. . . . Angela Davis is home free, ready to help the Communist Party make revolution. Having attended the gala celebration of her release, **John Browne** wonders just how useful the lady can be. . . . Mr. Nixon's FAP is back, riddled with inequities. Economist **George Terborgh** shows, among other things, how two identical fatherless families can enjoy FAP-supplemented incomes of $2,400 and $4,100 respectively. . . . Christianity has survived the "theology of crisis" and the "God is dead" theology; the in thing today is the "theology of revolution." Harold O. J. Brown traces it to its roots and exposes its defects.—CHS

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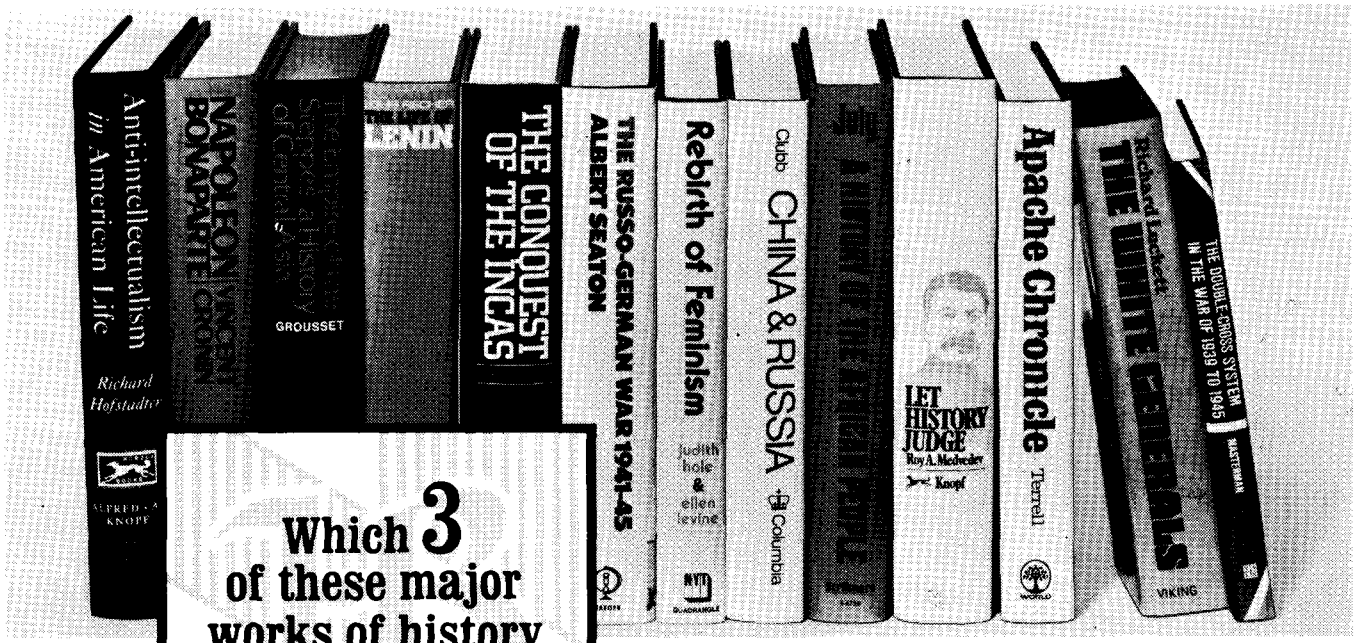

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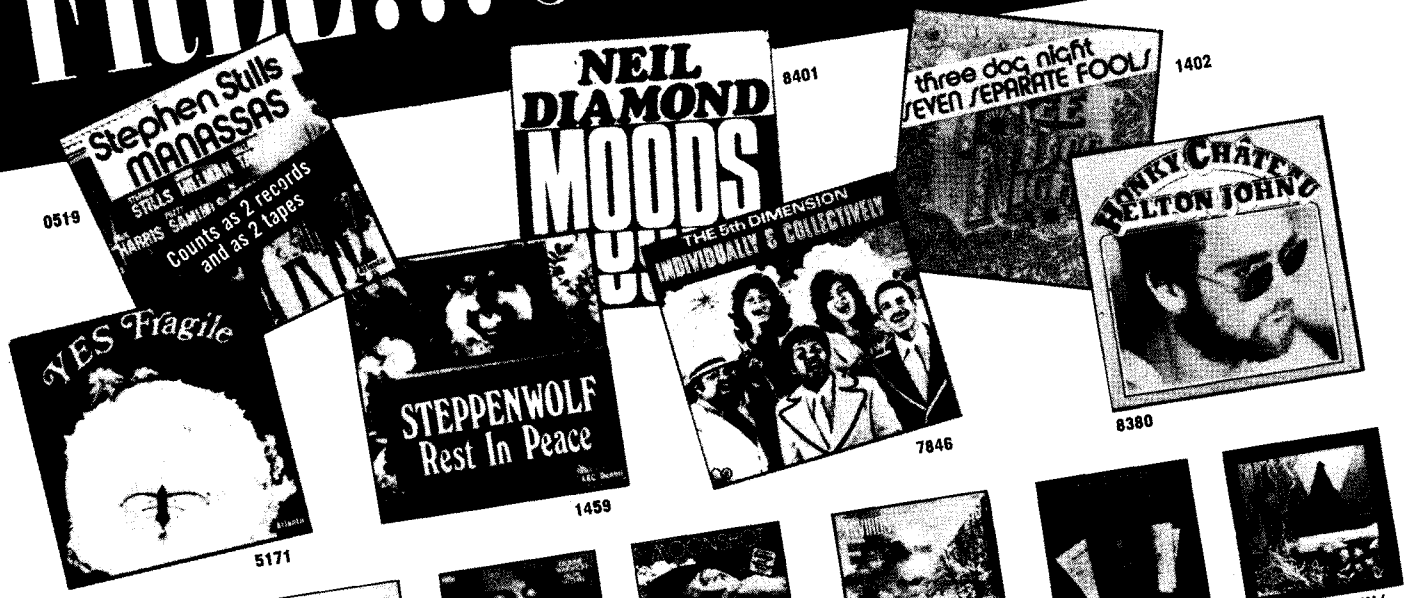

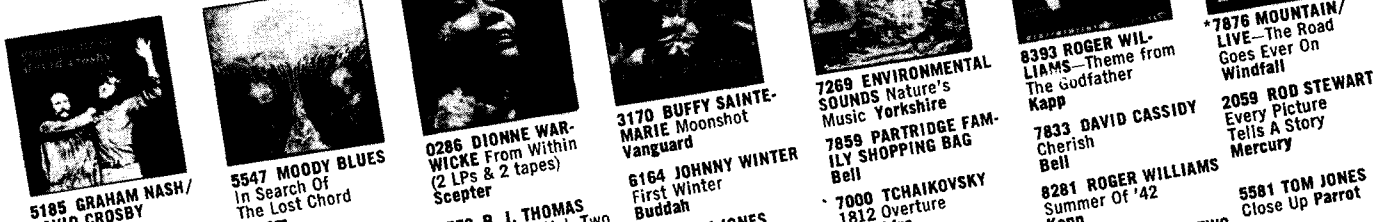

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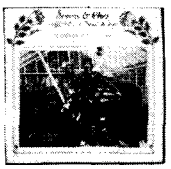

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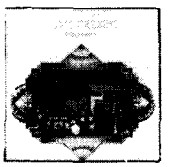

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **George McGovern**'s coattails mighty skimpy: 78 of 117 Democratic Representatives responding to recent poll said his candidacy would have "adverse effect" on election of Democrats to House this fall. . . . Hot rumor: In event McGovern is nominated, Kennedyite **Pierre Salinger** will be named Democrats' National Chairman (or, if **Larry O'Brien** doesn't want to step down right away, vice chairman). . . . WHERE ARE THEY NOW? **Eugene McCarthy** condemning draft Democratic platform for not advocating immediate legalization of marijuana, immediate amnesty for draft-dodgers. . . . Widely unnoticed: McGovern candidacy killing farther-left Peace and Freedom Party, whose presidential candidate, Dr. **Benjamin Spock**, got mere 15,624 votes in California primary. . . . That nineteen-hour Democratic telethon was supposed to help pay off party's 1968 campaign debts ($9.3 million)—but millionaire McGovern backer **Stewart Mott** threatens to sue, says some of the dough should go to McGovern because viewers gave out of enthusiasm for him. "The arrogance of wealth," says party treasurer **Robert Strauss**. . . . Powerful **Al Barkan** of AFL-CIO COPE says **Nixon** is man to beat in November, but won't say how much support organized labor will give McGovern if he's nominee. **George Meany** (he *hates* McGovern) even silenter; Teamster President **Frank Fitzsimmons** doesn't think *anybody* can beat Nixon. . . . **Jacob Javits**, co-chairman (with Sen. **James Buckley**) of Nixon's New York State campaign, said "that's correct" when asked if he's "closer in principle to McGovern" on Vietnam war issue—but added Nixon's policy was "generally acceptable middle-of-the-road."

■ In wake of Supreme Court decision that First Amendment doesn't protect newsmen from having to reveal sources, Sen. **Alan Cranston** (D., Calif.) has rushed into hopper bill giving them right to refuse disclosure to Congress, federal courts and agencies. . . . **Richard Poff**, kept off U.S. Supreme Court by liberal outcry, nominated to Virginia high court by Gov. **Linwood Holton**; if confirmed, will be first Republican to serve there since Reconstruction. . . . **Karleton Lewis Armstrong**, wanted here for bombing of U. of Wisconsin math research center, ordered extradited from Canada despite parade of U.S. leftists who said act was "political" therefore Armstrong should stay. Said Judge **Harry Waisberg**: "I find it significant that none of these witnesses, all of whom freely admitted political activity of the kind they suggest is associated with the bombing, requires political asylum. That speaks eloquently for the fact that the respondent is sought only for the enforcement of the criminal law."

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"And the Shah would like to know the hijack value."

■ Alarmed at revival of 1984-ish "child development" bill, **American Conservative Union** has set up "Emergency Committee for Children" to inform voters, coordinate opposition (422 First St. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003). . . . Weary of "living in a luxurious mausoleum," **Otto Otepka** quitting $36,000-per-year post on emasculated Subversive Activities Control Board. . . . "Massive," "powerful" gun lobby liberals fear so much is one (1) man, **National Rifle Association** executive v.p. **Maxwell E. Rich**, who last year spent $400 of his $2,500 lobbying budget. Real secret of NRA's success: It can generate 500,000 letters from members to congressmen in 72 hours. . . . **Commerce Dept.** has okayed purchase of ten Boeing 707s by **Red China**. . . . U.S. college students' "most admired" men (in order): Nixon (up from third place last year), **Ralph Nader**, McGovern, **Teddy Kennedy**, **Hubert Humphrey**.

■ All's fair in chess? Russia's **Boris Spassky** has two international Grand Masters with him, to help analyze past games; also psychologist **Nikolai Krogius**, to analyze "personality weaknesses" of opponent **Bobby Fischer** (who's all by himself). . . . **Rhodesia** has banned all outdoor political meetings—because they "impose an unnecessary strain on police in their work of maintaining order." . . . **French government** has launched campaign to get school children to brush their teeth, after poll showed only one Frenchman in four owns a toothbrush.

■ Free stakes and garlic? **Pan American** will offer, starting this September, eighteen-day escorted tour of Rumanian hinterlands called "Spotlight on **Dracula**." . . . And over at **National Airlines**, some stewardesses responding to that notorious ad campaign with lapel button: "Go fly yourself, National."

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LETTERS

SALT

This is to congratulate you for publishing Donald G. Brennan's study ["When the SALT Hit the Fan," June 23] of the SALT agreements. (Whoever made up the title should be kept in his sophomore class for another ten years.) It is the best study of the issues I have seen. Nonetheless I'm not persuaded by Dr. Brennan. He gives too little weight to decisive political factors on both sides which, in the end, incline me to accept the SALT results despite misgivings. Congratulations again on a brilliant and unique piece. How do you do it so fast?

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

There are some additional flaws in the SALT treaty which, with the shortcomings pointed out by Mr. Brennan, indicate that the arms freeze is going to give the U.S. a very bad case of frostbite.

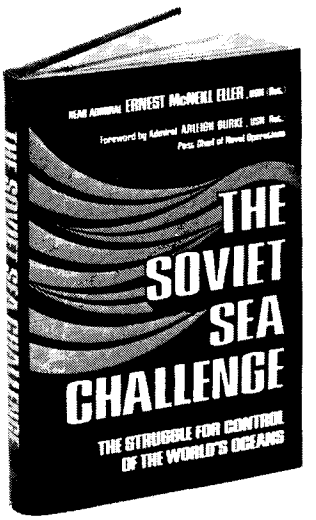
Ostensibly the ABM section limits each side to two hundred such missiles but it appears the Soviets have pulled another fast one. They possess in addition to the 64 Galosh missiles currently around Moscow some 1,200 defensive ballistic missiles of unusual size and power which have received the designation SA-5 Tallinn. What makes this weapon suspicious is that it is an exo-atmospheric missile with the capability of hitting a target one hundred miles distant at an altitude of 100,000 feet. Which is a bit much considering our aging force of B-52s, which do not fly that high, or even the B-1s, which won't have to.

In addition the Soviets have been deploying for some time vast radars, over one hundred feet high and as large in area as several football fields. These too appear superfluous in a defense against manned bombers or merely as warning devices until one considers, as Dr. John Foster has, that a marriage of the SA-5 to these radars would create an ABM system protecting most Soviet military and industrial concentrations.

In the context of Mutual Assured Destruction, it is worth noting that Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird himself told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that because of geography and the location of major centers of population and industry in Russia and in the United States, the U.S. needs to be able to deliver six times as many warheads as would the Russians to achieve destruction parity.

Furthermore, the treaty makes no provision for on-site inspection, a fatal flaw. Satellite observations can be fooled very

The Russians are trying to gain control of the world's oceans—can you imagine the consequences if they succeed?


REAR ADMIRAL ERNEST McNEILL ELLER, USN Ret.
Foreword by Admiral ARLEIGH BURKE, USN Ret.
Former Chief of Naval Operations
THE SOVIET SEA CHALLENGE
THE STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL OF THE WORLD'S OCEANS

HISTORY is full of cases where a country was a world power until it let its navy decline—and then rapidly slid into obscurity. The vital role sea power has played in our nation's past is obvious. Yet it seems that Congress hasn't learned history's lesson—and may not wake up until it's too late! At last, here is a book that alerts America to this clear and present danger. Here are the unvarnished facts of how close the Communists are to capturing naval supremacy, how they are already ahead of us in key strategic areas, how a disastrous showdown is almost upon us. It's essential that concerned Americans get this timely and important book and act on its message.

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—San Francisco Examiner

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easily. Nazi Germany was very successful in establishing underground arms factories, including those for the production of V-2s. They had an ample supply of slave labor as do the Soviets. They even hid one factory inside a prison and used the inmates as laborers. It is reasonable to assume the Soviets could do as well.

I am not impressed by the glowing rhetoric of Richard Nixon. We have tried arms control before. The prewar naval agreement between Nazi Germany and Britain came back to haunt London in the dark days of 1940. Under the terms of the Washington Naval Treaty between Japan, Great Britain and the United States we abandoned a building program that would have given us the world's most powerful navy. Whole classes of warships were either scrapped or sunk, something we were to regret after Pearl Harbor.

Those who refuse to learn from history are condemned to repeat it.

Chicago, Ill. DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI

Donald Brennan's excellent article unfortunately left a few things unsaid. It is quite possible that a nuclear war would begin with a Russian pre-emptive first strike. With such a possibility in the offing, the important factors to consider are not relative strengths (i.e., number of Russian ICBMs *v.* number of U.S. ICBMs; number of their ABMs *v.* our ABMs etc.). Rather, of major importance is 1) the number of warheads they can allocate to each of our ICBM silos, 2) the ratio of the number of their interceptors and SAMs to the number of our survivable bombers, 3) the effectiveness of Soviet antisubmarine forces and 4) the ability of Soviet ABMs to deal with what we could launch after being attacked.

1) With MIRV technology, the Soviets could launch on the order of twenty thousand warheads against our silos. With a 20 to 1 ratio (warheads to silos), one hundred warheads could easily be spared for the purpose of exhausting our ABM forces. Two, three, or four warheads could be allocated per silo (depending on accuracy and reliability), and they would still have ample force available to hold our cities hostage.

2) In addition the Russians have three thousand interceptors and ten thousand SAM launchers. Against this heavy force we can put up approximately 150 B-52s (not counting the old ones in Southeast Asia) and a couple of hundred FB-111s. Of course much of this force could conceivably be caught on the ground and destroyed.

3) The effectiveness of the Russian antisubmarine warfare forces is not well-known. It is well-known, however, that the Russians have been spending a great deal on oceanographic research for a number of years and that the Russian navy is modern and has an increasing complement of antisubmarine vessels. This antisubmarine force would have to contend with only 25 "on-station" Polaris submarines. These submarines return to port every sixty days, so limited surveillance is already an accomplished fact. Also our submarines are noisier than a submarine needs to be.

4) And, finally, because the Galosh is quite long-ranged and could protect most of the European Russian cities from a low-level U.S. retaliation, it becomes doubtful that we could even retaliate effectively.

If the Russians had openly continued their present rate of missile procurement, it would eventually be obvious to the most dovish that we were becoming imperiled. With the accords, Soviet activities will become much more concealed, increasing their chances of executing a successful first strike, while our declining deterrence will be hidden by the frozen ratio of our missiles to theirs.

Livermore, Calif. IRA W. MORRISON

White Flag

What is the significance of the cover design of the June 23 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, showing Marines on Mt. Suribachi raising a faceless white flag?

Norfolk, Va. JOSEPH ADDISON HAGAN

A number of readers besides Mr. Hagan have queried the cover, in several cases very crossly. The intention, of course, was to contrast that courageous struggle until victory was won with the apparent willingness of many of our leaders today—in both parties—and of our citizens to accept inferiority for our country. —ED.

The Soviet Prison

The mists of détente euphoria are eroding awareness of the nature of Communism and compassion for its victims, while a species of amnesia is blotting out the memory of fifty-odd years of Communist crimes. More than ever, therefore, it is our duty to keep the spotlight of public exposure, constantly and relentlessly, on the oppression and barbarism in the Communist prison-states and on their continuing threat to freedom in the world.

I am pleased, therefore, that your June 9 issue carried the excerpts from the Bukovsky Papers ["Notes from Soviet Asylums"], Max Geltman's picture of the radical-chic worship of KGB-Yevtushenko ["A Month in the Life of Yevtushenko"], and C. H. Simonds' reminder that frenzied anti-American propaganda in the USSR has not been reduced by a decibel ["Soviet Media Watch"].

With regard to the immuring of political and religious dissenters in Soviet mental asylums: Knowing and unwitting apologists all identify this horror as a carry-over from pre-revolutionary Russia. The cliché is historically false. The only instance of psychiatric terror under the old regime ever cited dates back to the reign of Alexander I, when a writer was adjudged insane for his opinions—and even

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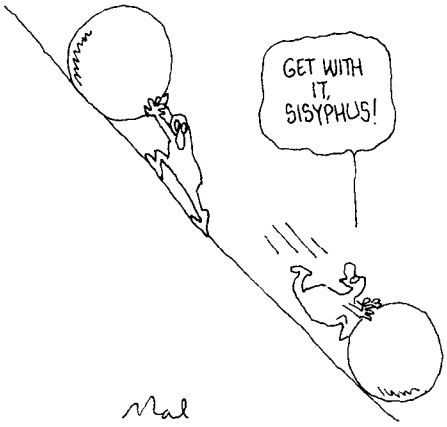
he was merely confined to his home. Conceivably there were a few other such episodes through the Russian centuries, but it was never a common or official political weapon. Even in the USSR this ugly practice on the present shocking scale is a relatively recent development.

Let's not deny the Soviets full credit for the innovation—it is their own, not borrowed from the previous autocracy.

New York, N. Y. EUGENE LYONS

Correction

According to "The Week" [May 26], I am running for the Senate against Frank Church. This is not so. However, I *am* running against a former governor, a former congressman, a former White House staffer, the president of a univer-



sity, the present attorney general of Idaho, a prominent attorney, and the leader of our state's women's lib movement. Isn't that enough?

JAMES A. MCCLURE

Washington, D.C. Member of Congress

Cate on Berlin

I found Curtis Cate's article ["Is Berlin Our European Taiwan?," April 14] most informative, except for the section entitled "Who's to Blame?" In the last paragraph of this section, Mr. Cate ventures onto the slippery ground of criticizing another nation's character. Is Mr. Cate truly a competent judge of the German national character when he reveals a rather hazy knowledge of the German language? He refers to the "Germanic *Schadenfreude*" which he defines as "love of destruction." What *Schadenfreude* means is the joy felt when someone *else* is having difficulties and troubles.

Further, the logic of this paragraph is unclear to me. If the Germans were motivated by *Schadenfreude* (in the true sense of the word) they would be happy that the U.S. is having difficulties with the USSR. After all, the U.S. was Germany's enemy in World War II; in fact the main enemy whose superiority decided the outcome of the war. This has nothing to do with feeling betrayed, but is a purely negative motivation. Being motivated by a feeling of betrayal is understandable, but here is Mr. Cate's second non-sequitur: It is not identical to wanting "to play ball with the victor." It appears to me that Mr. Cate confuses here at least three things—not to mention the reference to Hitler, *Erfolg* and *Volk*.

Don Mills, Ont. L. S. ROLKO

Rickenbacker's Collection

Beethoven's goddam operas aside, what's this about Frescobaldi's orchestral works ["The Ideal Collection," April 28]? Did he compose any? Have any been recorded? Or doesn't Mr. Rickenbacker have Frescobaldi mixed up with a couple of other guys?

Secondly, can Mr. Rickenbacker identify any unrecorded "avant-garde stuff Sibelius wrote toward the end"? I'll bet not.

Columbia, S. C. JACK DALTON

Mr. Rickenbacker writes: "If I said Frescobaldi had orchestral skins on the wall, I erred. Apologies.

"As to Sibelius, an article published about twenty years ago in Time *Magazine mentioned his unpublished, experimental, avant-garde works. They were not mentioned by name; so I can't satisfy Mr. Dalton by identifying them. They are simply the body of late works, as yet unpublished.*

"This is not unusual, by the way. Artur Schnabel left a huge body of compositions, all very experimental and avant-garde, absolutely none of which is performed today—and of course not a note was ever published. It is dead writing. 'Dvorsky,' better known as Josef Hofmann, ditto (but less experimental)."

William F. Rickenbacker has probably already received a deluge of mail from what is often referred to as the "Mahler-Bruckner Claque." You may add this letter to it. He does not even mention them to tell the cowpoke to avoid them! Surely to neglect their work entirely violates his criterion of collecting "a taste of the major composers." Indeed, one can hardly avoid them in concert or on the radio these days. (New York City has seen more performances of Mahler's Fifth this season than it has of Beethoven's Fifth in the past six years, and more Bruckner Sevenths this year than all Beethoven performances put together.) But Mr. Rickenbacker *has* included Beethoven's "Pastoral," which is also difficult to avoid. So I shall rectify matters: Bruckner: Symphony #4 by Mehta, Kertesz or Haitink; Symphony #6 by Steinberg; Haitink or Klemperer; Symphony #9 by Mehta, Jochum or Karajan. Mahler: Symphony #1 by Horenstein (one of the greatest recordings of *anything* ever made), #2 by Bernstein or Solti, #3 by Horenstein or Bernstein, #4 by Bernstein or Szell. I have never ceased to learn from repeated hearings of these works.

Seaford, N. Y. STUART WOOD

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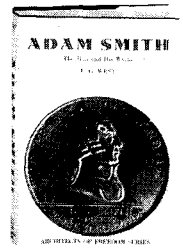

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THE WEEK

■ Come to think of it. Isn't the United States the only nation in history to have waged war without taking sides?

■ He's just like Ike. "President Eisenhower was the biggest single influence on me in the defense field," says this week's George McGovern. "I admire his restraint—his willingness to settle for less than total victory in Korea, his realization that money taken for defense is by its nature wasted, his willingness to undertake unilateral actions for real world security." Now. To be sure, Ike settled for "less than total victory" in 1952—but he got a great deal more than Nixon or McGovern can ever hope for today. South Korea survives, a viable half-nation; South Vietnam is seriously threatened by the Nixon settlement, doomed by the McGovern settlement. To be sure, Eisenhower lapsed occasionally into mealy incantations, but he never seriously believed (any more than McGovern does) that every single penny spent on defense is "wasted." McGovern points to Eisenhower's "hope" that our forces in Europe might be reduced to a token level of one division. What the man hoped was that our allies might beef up their own defenses enough to permit the reduction; they didn't—so he kept the troops there. One doubts McGovern is as much of a realist. Eisenhower suspended nuclear testing unilaterally—but with serious misgivings, and in a time when the United States enjoyed a commanding lead in the quality and quantity of weapons. President McGovern wouldn't have such a lead to free his hand; as for his misgivings, who knows? He says nothing, by the way, about other daring unilateral actions of his hero—for instance, his sending of thirteen thousand soldiers into Lebanon in 1958, to prevent a Communist takeover. Tune in next week, when we'll hear George McGovern say: "Governor Wallace was the biggest single influence on me in the constitutional law field . . ."

■ Way back when, in '66, Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense, was asked whether a slight American buildup in Vietnam didn't constitute escalation. "Not at all," said the Secretary in flawless Pentagonese. "It is merely an incremental adjustment to meet a new stimulus level." Which may account for the fact that, six years later, we are still there.

■ One would have thought that the Democratic Platform Committee would have been pleased with much of the presentation by YAF Executive Director Wayne Thorburn, who appeared before the Committee on June 23. Thorburn told the Committee that YAF opposed President Nixon 1) on his Family Assistance Plan (FAP), 2) on wage and price controls, 3) on the SALT agreements. He explained YAF's opposition to amnesty ("it is wrong because it makes a mockery of the concept of law and government") and to minimum wage legislation ("minimum wage prices unskilled, untrained young people out of the labor market"). The gentlemen of the Platform Committee were staggered rather than pleased, Thorburn reports. Their response was "one of amazement that such views could really be held by members of the great body, the youth. My testimony was greeted by one or two hisses and then a lengthy session of questions—the delegates could not understand that there are real live conservatives under fifty." Which leads to another question: Will the gentlemen of the Republican Platform Committee also be staggered by the thought?

■ Angela Davis has been having a pleasant time since her acquittal, despite one unpleasant episode: She was forced to cancel her appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show* when ABC insisted William Rusher also appear, for "balance." Miss Davis feared, according to Mr. Cavett, that to accept ABC's ruling might "set a restrictive precedent for a talk show." On a non-restrictive talk show, NET's *Black Journal*, she denied rumors that she would leave soon for a vacation in the Soviet Union or Bulgaria. She has too much to do here right now, she said, although "some time in the future, I probably will spend some time abroad, because I feel that I have to also express my appreciation and gratitude to all of the millions of people in Africa and in Europe and in the socialist countries." Meanwhile, as a sign, presumably, that the socialist countries accept her gratitude and appreciation in advance, Tass announced that "a newly developed rose, golden with light fragrance, has been named for Angela Davis."

■ Mr. Bhutto and Ms. Gandhi have been photographed together, smiling, and India and Pakistan have agreed to withdraw all their border troops and to freeze current troop positions in Kashmir. Further negotiation will be needed to resolve the volatile question of who is to control Kashmir, for 25 years the focus of hostility. At this point neither side can compromise on that issue with-

Make a Joyful Noise

Kidnapers, skyjackers, killers and thugs,
Godfathers, pimps and purveyors of drugs:
Capital punishment's finished for good!
Spread the glad tidings like criminals should.
Fire the hangmen. Short-circuit The Chair.
Wire the governors gassing ain't fair.
And, as you're honing each razor and knife,
Thank those five judges appointed for life.

W. H. von Dreele

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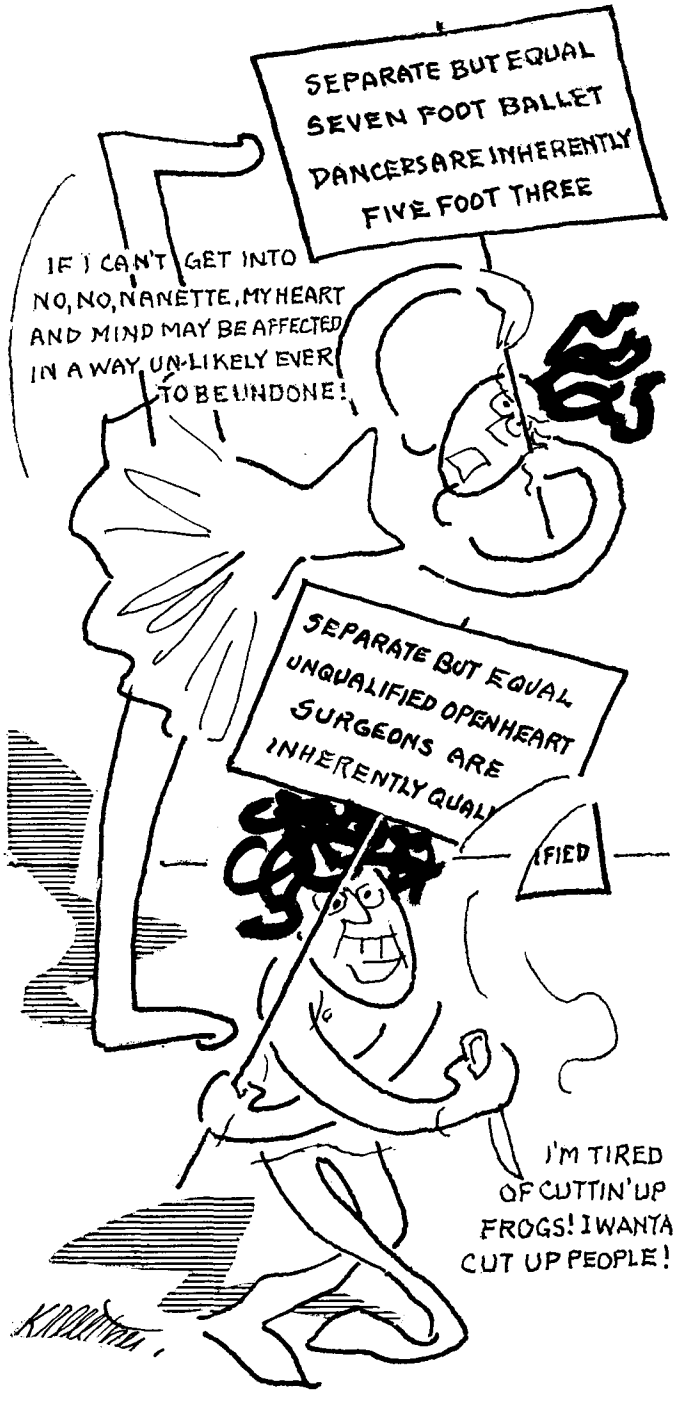
out risking charges of sellout from the homefront. What India will do with the 93,000 Pakistanis she still holds prisoner from last December's war and how Bangladesh will fit into the picture will be discussed later. In short, there are enough points of dispute left between the two countries to fuel years of negotiation, or even a few more wars.

■ Valeriy Panov was a soloist with the Kirov Ballet until he tried to emigrate to Israel three months ago. As he has not been allowed outside the USSR for twelve years, he did not have the option of defecting like his former colleagues, Rudolf Nureyev and Nataliya Makarova. So he attempted to go through legal channels. He began by asking the ballet "union" (actually a government organ) for character references needed to obtain a visa. The union called him a traitor and dismissed him, which meant he could not work. It then forbade him to dance not only professionally, but even in class (effectively a total prohibition, since little serious practice can be done in an ordinary apartment). Then the government, with its usual facility for black humor, threatened to arrest him for "parasitism"—i.e., not having a job. It has already arrested him at least once on charges of "hooliganism" and, according to a friend of his, kept him for ten days in a cell "filled with amputees, cripples, invalids with crutches etc.," a not terribly subtle warning. His friend writes: "Panov is desperate about his situation. Unlike a writer or a painter, a doctor or a mathematician, he is a physical man whose art and being are tied up in his use of his body. This is now closed to him, his body is deteriorating."

Quotas Are Inherently Needed


SEPARATE BUT EQUAL SEVEN FOOT BALLET DANCERS ARE INHERENTLY FIVE FOOT THREE
IF I CAN'T GET INTO NO, NO, NANETTE, MY HEART AND MIND MAY BE AFFECTED IN A WAY UN-LIKELY EVER TO BE UNDONE!
SEPARATE BUT EQUAL UNQUALIFIED OPENHEART SURGEONS ARE INHERENTLY QUALIFIED
I'M TIRED OF CUTTIN' UP FROGS! I WANTA CUT UP PEOPLE!

■ "The most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world," declared President Nixon when announcing the results of the Smithsonian conference last December. Three weeks ago, less than six months after the conference, the agreement collapsed with the floating of the pound. Once more experience is demonstrating that a system of fixed exchange rates cannot work in today's global economy, and that, far from acting as a stabilizing anchor, the fixed parities are a guarantee of frequent monetary crises. But the national governments are unwilling to give up the monopoly power they exercise through monetary intervention. We must therefore expect that the international monetary system, prohibited from responding naturally to the shifting market forces, will continue to lurch along from one crisis to another until there comes a blowup sufficient to compel a fundamental revision.

■ Unemployment insurance has run out for the aircraft workers who lost their jobs when America saved herself from the SST. The taxpayers are out $1.2 billion. According to the Department of Commerce, it's costing $100 million more to wind up the aborted project than it would have cost to go through with it. George Meany says dropping the SST will, in the long run, cost American industry 500,000 jobs. Braniff is the first American airline to take delivery positions for the Anglo-French Concorde. The United States' hold on the world civil aircraft market, now 85 per cent, is expected to drop; this year we will export $2.7 billion worth of planes, down 10 per cent from 1971. We blew it.

■ The price of eggs in recent months has been the lowest in years. Now eggs have been put under price controls. When farm prices rose sharply in May, middlemen absorbed most of the increase by trimming their already slim profit margins. Middlemen, of course, will now be

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

President Nixon muttered a bit about vetoing the Higher Education bill, but in the end he held his nose and signed it. Actually, he was wrought up about the wrong thing. He dislikes the antibusing language in the legislation. He says it is vague and of uncertain force. (He knows something about that sort of thing: His own antibusing program is a paradigm of uncertain effectiveness.) In fact, the only thing certain about it is that it is at a standstill in the brackish legislative waters.

The fact that Mr. Nixon chose to frame his antibusing program in terms of a "moratorium" on new busing—a "moratorium" of dubious constitutionality—rather than in support of one of the unambiguous antibusing constitutional amendments currently before Congress indicates that he is probably anxious to keep the busing issue alive. When schools reopen this fall, busing begins again and the campaign heats up, the President can complain that Congress has not acted decisively on the issue. One of the reasons the President gave for not supporting a constitutional amendment is that the amending process takes too long. But his own proposals were sent to Congress four months ago. The last constitutional amendment—lowering the voting age—whizzed through Congress and ratification by the states in less than three months. And there is a lot more clamor for an end to busing than there was for a lower voting age.

Anyway, the antibusing language is just an appendage to the Higher Education act. The main purpose of the Act is to loose a gusher of federal billions for students and institutions at a time when rising costs and declining public support for higher education have put students and institutions in a salutary bind. The fact that alumni and state legislators are increasingly reluctant to support institutions that revile them has something to do with the faint flickering of moral courage among college administrators confronted with aggressive students. Now, just as lean years were beginning to save colleges from their own excesses, the Federal Government has ridden to the rescue.

■ Dr. Henry Kissinger says (first in Moscow and again in Washington) that in the nuclear age it is dangerous to seek a "qualitative edge" over one's rivals in strategic arms. But Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird says (on June 6 and constantly since) that the SALT agreements are unacceptable unless Congress plunges ahead with accelerated spending for the B-1 bomber and the Trident (née ULMS) submarine.

But why are they necessary if not to achieve some sort of "qualitative edge"? And should such an edge be purchased at such great cost? (The Pentagon says the B-1 system will cost $11 billion, which means it probably will cost at least $30 billion. The public estimate is that the Trident will cost a mere $1 billion per boat; the private estimate has floated up to $2 billion.) Senators lavish in their praise of the agreements are the same senators who have in the past been skeptical about the need for new weapons, and the Administration's rhetoric (the "era of negotiation," "generation of peace" and all that) only reinforces their skepticism. They ask: Why new weapons now? On the other hand, those other senators who are skeptical about the agreements and who deplore the American strategic weakness are asking: How will the B-1 and Trident make up for the defects in the bargains we struck—assuming, for the moment, that Dr. Kissinger can be persuaded that there are defects? Anyway, as regards Trident, since the current generation of submarines will be satisfactorily invulnerable for at least six more years, and since we do not yet have a clear idea of the nature of the developing Soviet antisubmarine warfare capability, why accelerate Trident's development and thereby risk getting committed to a particular design that might not be responsive to the real need?

These were some of the questions being asked when the Senate Armed Services Committee—no nest of doves—came within one vote of rejecting the Administration's proposal for accelerated spending for Trident. The same day the Committee voted overwhelmingly against deploying an antiballistic missile system around Washington. The proposed ABM treaty "permits" us to have such a system. That is what our negotiators "won" for us. But Congress has repeatedly made it clear that it considers "soft" targets like cities nearly impossible to defend and confirmed that decision by the Committee vote on ABMs around Washington.

■ At times the Nixon Administration has resembled the hapless New York Mets of the early 1960s. Martha Mitchell, master of the meandering soliloquy, was the Administration's Casey Stengel, and John Mitchell was its Marv Throneberry. Baseball fans will recall that "Marvelous Marv" was so inept at first base that his teammates would not give him a birthday cake—they were sure he would drop it. Republicans may wish to thank Martha for forcing John to quit his position as Nixon's campaign manager. Many of them here in Washington are pointing out that Mitchell masterminded the 1968 campaign wherein Nixon managed to lose a 15 per cent lead in just six weeks.

But many wonder whether Nixon made the right move in appointing former Congressman Clark MacGregor to replace Mitchell at the Committee To Re-Elect the President. Since losing a Senate race against Hubert Humphrey in 1970, MacGregor has been working in the White House as the President's principal adviser on congressional relations. And relations between the White House and Capitol Hill—especially Republicans on Capitol Hill—are just as bad as they were before MacGregor took charge despite press reports to the contrary.

—CATO

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covered by controls, while farmers will not. The price of beef and pork has been soaring, so the Administration has decided to crack down on fish. Whom are they trying to kid?

■ Odd. Of the nation's 140 "major employment areas," 56 had "substantial" unemployment in April. Of those 56, only two were in states having right-to-work laws. Unemployment in the other 38 right-to-work areas was well below 6 per cent. Maybe freedom is also good for you!

■ VOICE OF MODERATION (with oak-leaf cluster for lucidity): Clarence Mitchell, spokesman for the NAACP, on President Nixon's statements on busing: "The fact that the President is making a fraudulent approach to the whole issue of school desegregation and is taking the side of people like George Wallace, the bus

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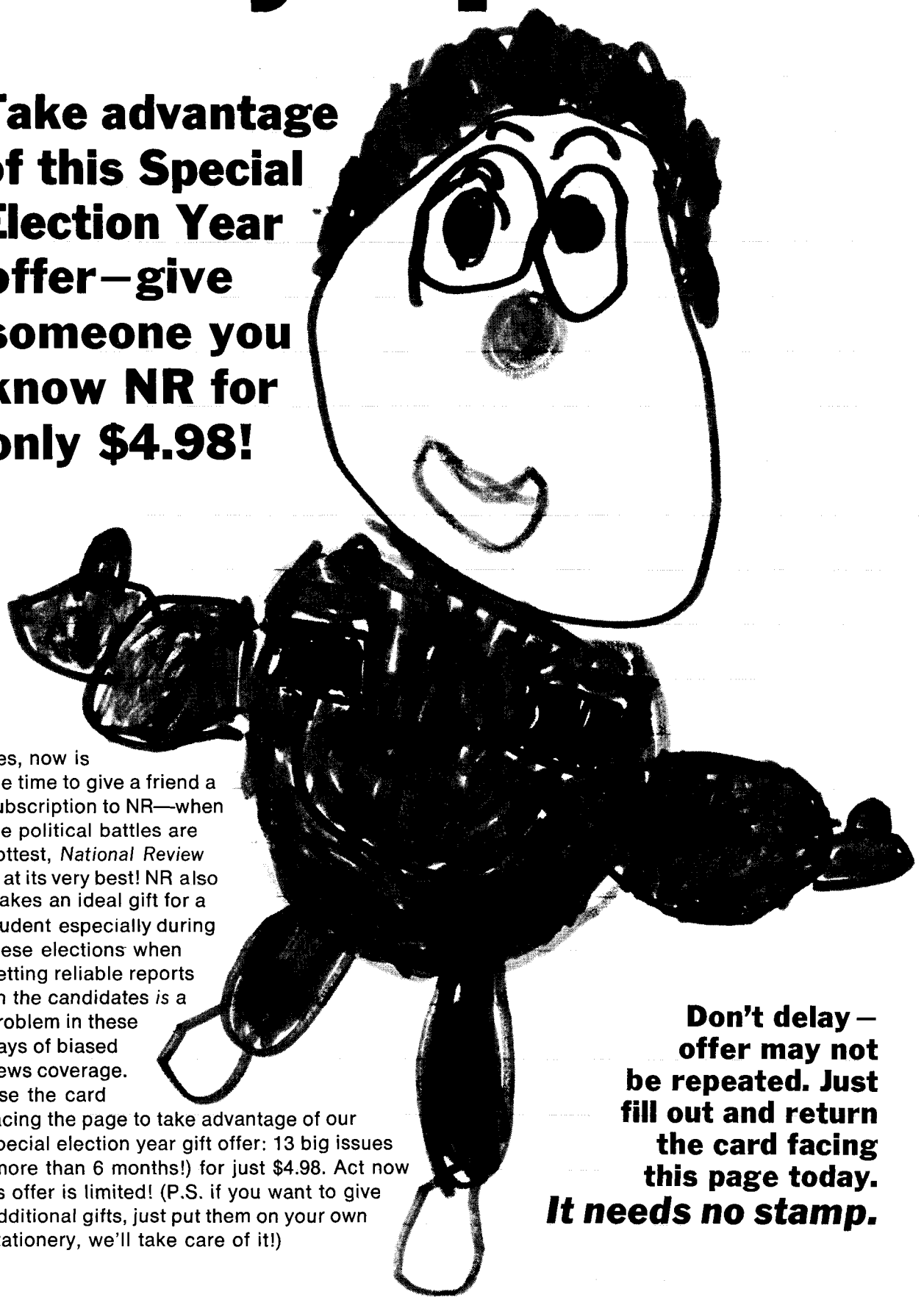

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burners, the Ku Klux Klan, and all those people who are stirring up racial hate in this country: This, to me, is a reprehensible thing on the part of anybody. But it is especially so on the part of the President of the United States. I think he is really trying to pick up some of the scraps that might fall from the Wallace table of demagoguery."

■ Who am I? Recently the Raiders and I decided to investigate Congress. We issued a 96-page, 633-item questionnaire to every congressman and senator. Besides the questionnaire, which could take a few days to answer, the Raiders and I are going to investigate each and every legislator, in depth, and publish the results—before the election!—in handy paperback form. If any legislator has a question, he can contact me in Australia, where (where else?) I am investigating the kangaroo. That's right! I'm the new, improved, giant economy-size Ralph Nader.

Alas Poor Democrats! We Knew Them, Horatio . . .

It is foolish to try to write much of an editorial five days ahead of time about a presidential nominating convention that will be going on when the editorial is read. We limit ourselves to a few notes on the passing pre-Convention scene.

1. The Platform Committee managed to push the most thorny issues (pot, abortion, homosexuality, amnesty etc.) under the rug, and to fudge the wording on the rest sufficiently to make everybody happy except George Wallace and the fading troops of old-line Party stalwarts. After all, who gives a damn about platform and principles anyway, when you get right down to it? But delegates are something else again. Delegates mean who is going to run things. And after a few polite compromises on minor disputes about small states, the knives came out when California and Illinois were laid on the table. McGovern himself, and naturally his lagging opponents, would have been willing enough to strike a deal, but the militant core of his followers wanted a fight, and a fight is one thing you can always get if you really want it.

2. The polarizing actions of the Credentials Committee forced the Convention into a bind it cannot squeeze out of. If it fails to nominate McGovern, the militants on the Left will split, and probably run a separate ticket. McGovern has openly so threatened, though with an escape hedge, but the split doesn't depend on McGovern; he is prisoner as much as leader of the militant cadres that have carried on the campaign. On the other hand, if the Convention does do the expected and name McGovern, the old-line stalwarts of the Party and many of its financial backers, though they probably would not make a collective open break, will largely sit the election out. There isn't any road in sight whereby the Democratic Party can escape the painful horns of its dilemma.

3. The Democrats' "reform" of the delegate selection process, and of the Party organization now to come, looks more like the prelude to revolution. The content of the reform is derived from an extreme democratist concept (or "participatory democracy," as some of the reformers like to call it). The Party is to be made "closer to the people," "more responsive" etc. by becoming a mathematical analogue of the mass Party membership. In the Convention and in the huge "Conference" that is to be the sovereign assembly of the Party, there will be the same percentage of males, females, blacks, Chicanos, Catholics, Jews, Mormons (and why not Albanians, homosexuals, blondes, deaf, dumb and blind?) as in the mass of members, without reference to relative qualifications, experience, responsibility in the community etc. But the inevitable effect of the attempt to force this artificial absurdity on the Party all in one burst this year has been to crack the structure that has held the Party together as a functioning enterprise. Undoubtedly the old Democratic structure (like the Republican) needs rejuvenation from new and fresh elements of the population. But new elements taken too quickly in too large doses cause collapse, not revival. If a sizable portion of the old Democratic leadership fails to come to terms and fusion with a sizable portion of the newcomers—and this has become more unlikely through the pre-Convention skirmishes—then the reform of the Democratic Party will escalate into a revolution, with a "new class" seizing power.

4. There is, at that, one but only one way in which the Party might breach the dilemma and postpone, at least, the revolution. Putting Ted Kennedy on the ticket would do it, or might. This has been ruled out, though, by Kennedy's own disclaimer, and by what McGovern now asserts as his "legitimate right." Or has it quite? As we recall, although Kennedy's negative was finally put pretty clearly, he didn't add "positively." There must be a good many tried and true Democrats dreaming this week of a return of Camelot.

McGovern I: The Platform

The text of the Democratic platform, as now adopted by the Platform Committee, represents an effort to soften the rhetoric, and the details, of the more extreme McGovern positions—thus providing reassurance for non-McGovern Democrats—while nevertheless retaining the substance of the McGovern positions. Some salient points:

1. On national defense, the McGovern specifics ($32 billion in cuts; five or six carriers scrapped) all disappear. The platform pledges itself "to maintain adequate military forces for deterrence and effective support of our international position." But the surrounding language indicates that the direction will be sharply down; e.g., we are to "reduce overseas bases and forces," etc.

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2. Nevertheless, on Israel, the language of the McGovern platform is more hawkish than the policy of any previous national Administration, Democratic or Republican. Not only are we "unequivocally committed to support of Israel's right to exist," and to maintaining "a political commitment and a military force in the area *amply sufficient to deter the Soviet Union from using military force in the area*" (italics added), but we are to "recognize and support the established status of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. . . . As a symbol of this stand, the U.S. Embassy would be moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem." Note: it is difficult to see how the above military commitment is reconcilable with the McGovern platform's defense proposals; i.e., are *all* our remaining carriers to be on station in the eastern Mediterranean? And, as regards the Jerusalem proposal, most analysts agree that it would make any settlement in the Middle East impossible.

3. McGovern, the platform makes clear, will be the busing candidate. "Transportation of students is another goal [sic] to accomplish desegregation."

4. Specific issues, of great symbolic importance to some of McGovern's most zealous supporters—abortion, homosexual marriage, pot and so on—slip demurely into the platform in language like this: "Americans should be free to make their own choice of lifestyles and private habits without being subject to discrimination or prosecution."

5. On Vietnam, the platform espouses the totalist position—not only "immediate total withdrawal" but "after the end of U.S. direct combat participation, military aid to the Saigon government, and elsewhere in Indochina, will be terminated."

6. The McGovern plan for $1,000 grants to everyone, now widely considered derisory, becomes in the platform an "income security program" of unspecified character. There are to be "guaranteed jobs for all," as well as, somehow, an effort to combat inflation. The McGovern tax reform proposals, always misty, turn into support for the Mills plan for congressional review of all deductions.

7. And, oh yes, "We are determined that the citizen must be protected in his home and on his streets."

Despite the heroic efforts visible here, it does not seem likely that the language of the platform will assuage the doubts of our NATO or SEATO allies, the Israelis, the business community, investors, the issuers of municipal bonds, economists, parents of school-age children, people with incomes over $12,000, organized labor, or opponents of pot, abortion and homosexual marriage, about the significance of the McGovern candidacy.

Wallace's Assessment

On the theory that it takes one to know one, *NR* here sets forth George Wallace's opinion of the other four leading Democrats, as recorded in recent statements brought together by the *N.Y. Times*, July 4, 1972.

Hubert Humphrey: "He's a clown, one of the country's funniest politicians."

Edmund S. Muskie: "From what I know about him, he's part of that crowd I've been bucking for years."

Edward M. Kennedy: "He's one of the really pluperfect hypocrites. He's more interested in the vanity of his own prestigious career than he is in doing important things."

George McGovern: "I think he's a tool of the Communist Party. If he had run on his record, a record not everybody knows, he wouldn't have got one delegate."

McGovern II: Why Business Worries

After decades of antibusiness campaign rhetoric, it takes quite a lot to frighten the business community; McGovern has what it takes. A *Wall Street Journal* survey (June 23) found most businessmen oppose McGovern with an intensity that "sometimes borders on hatred." The *New York Times* reports (July 3) McGovern has also alienated the Wall Street types who have previously led Democratic fund-raising efforts. There are several reasons why business' fears are fully warranted.

First of all, it is obvious to businessmen that you can't increase the role of government as dramatically as McGovern plans to without a corresponding decrease in the role of private activity. Though McGovern has shown no reluctance to bestow federal money and tax breaks on certain favored industries, the over-all impact of his program must be a massive increase in the share of national income going to government, and a matching reduction of the private sector.

Second, though McGovern admires tax reform in the abstract, he cannot be pinned down to endorse the closing of a single "loophole." This sort of unpredictability could add a paralyzing element of uncertainty to business and consumer decisions, with one possible result being a stock-market crash. McGovern's remarks on percentage depletion allowances, for example, range from "should be phased out or reduced" to "need not be phased out." His proposed estate tax reform has varied from "100 per cent tax on large inheritances" to "some consideration" of increased rates. McGovern has even spoken favorably about an "excess profits" tax, a sure device for castrating a bull market.

Third, McGovern says he will raise corporate taxes by $17 billion (43 per cent) simply by eliminating tax advantages recently instituted to encourage investment. However, the tax "loopholes" *and* rate reductions granted to corporations in the last decade amount to only $6.6 billion, according to the Brookings Institution's budget study. To get the other $10.4 billion, McGovern would not only have to restore the old 52 per cent rate (he denies he plans to), but raise it to about

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62 per cent. The corporate tax would be passed on in higher prices—but then less is sold at higher prices, so corporate officers are rightly concerned.

Finally, business leaders are worried that the stiff personal tax increases needed to fund McGovern's proposals will destroy incentives to work and invest. Confiscating inheritances might eliminate important pools of risk capital (though tax authority Joseph Pechman is doubtful that any more revenue would be raised by McGovern's inheritance tax, because of trusts and other ways of avoiding the tax). When the expected revenue from such "reforms" is not forthcoming, McGovern would be faced with a gargantuan deficit and an intolerable inflation.

American business has been remarkably resilient in the face of capricious bureaucratic obstacles: antitrust, FTC, price commission, and so on. And business leaders —intimidated by such regulations and by the possible loss of government contracts—have usually remained silent in the face of outrageous antibusiness politicking. If the Democratic Party wants to see how far the sleeping giant can be pushed, it couldn't pick a better instrument than George McGovern.

McGovern III: Backing Off

Alarm at George McGovern's economic proposals (voiced in *NR*, May 26) is spreading—even to liberal journalists once considered "safe" at McGovern HQ. The candidate is now said to be "backtracking." Recall W. H. von Dreele's confident line: "He's got Tom Wicker in the bag." Now, after a valiant effort to sew up the holes in McGovern's bottomless bag of tricks, even Wicker wants out. In a column questioning "McGovern's Credibility" (*New York Times*, June 22), he suggests the McGovern economic program "was either extremely careless or deceptive."

"Mr. McGovern cannot at one and the same time proclaim his intention to restore the 'credibility' of the Presidency," says Wicker, "and at the same time pretend that his program for income redistribution was just a casual idea to which he was never really committed. The fact is that it was only when analysts began to show the economic holes in the program that McGovern started backing away from it."

Nicholas von Hoffman of the *Washington Post* (June 21) is alarmed at McGovern's "horrendous" welfare proposals which portend "a pernicious extension of the power of the state." Eileen Shanahan, in a *New York Times* article (June 5), offers additional evidence that McGovern's economics don't add up. She notes that McGovern couldn't possibly raise corporate taxes by $17 billion (43 per cent) without a rate increase, which he disavows, and adds that even McGovern's most optimistic estimates imply an 80 per cent tax increase for those who earn more than $20,000 a year.

The defection of Melville Ulmer, in the *New Republic* (June 24), is an especially astonishing development. Citing the Brookings Institution's budget study, Ulmer notes that "a substantial increase in tax rates over the next two years will be required even if no new federal programs are undertaken. . . . The net yield of [McGovern's] tax reforms and the cut in military spending would be, at most, $45 billion. Estimated new program costs looming in education, water pollution control, day-care centers, public works, and national health insurance, in legislation that McGovern has supported, would come to about twice that amount." (Actually, the new McGovern programs would cost more than three times the $45 billion.) Ulmer concludes that McGovern's economic program "is notable neither for logical consistency nor irresistible political appeal."

Time Magazine (June 26) does a full-scale job on "What McGovern Would Mean to the Country." McGovern is credited with at least $165 billion a year in new expenditures, including: 1) a medical insurance plan, which the Brookings study estimates would cost $60 billion, to be paid for entirely through regressive payroll taxes; 2) various social programs, eventually adding up to $55 billion a year; and 3) $50 billion for income redistribution. Calculations of the tax increases needed for the latter program *alone* "so horrified McGovern," says *Time*, "that he sent the whole program back to his economists for redrafting." Preliminary efforts at redrafting, however, simply raised the grant for adults and lowered it for children—with little net change in cost. The redrafted plan also does away with any upward graduation of tax rates, by substituting a flat-rate tax, and therefore belies all McGovern's "soak the rich" rhetoric. McGovern has wisely decided to maintain an aloof silence until after the Convention.

Columnist Sylvia Porter (*New York Post*, June 27) offers a familiar pro-McGovern apology: "1) McGovern is backtracking on many of his more radical economic positions. 2) Even if he were standing pat, it is inconceivable that the next Congress would pass some of his programs. 3) The South Dakota Senator has shown no stomach for continuing to promote programs that he is warned could frighten business and the stock market into a disastrous slump." From this sort of speculation, McGovernites somehow deduce that McGovern became "credible" by suggesting the incredible, and that his eagerness to be buffeted this way and that by economists and businessmen is a sign of his "pragmatism." In any case, we're supposed to ignore McGovern's nutty ideas, because Congress would never take him seriously.

A classic example of such evasion is John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Case for McGovern" in *Saturday Review* (July 1). As one of McGovern's chief economic advisers, Galbraith is in a unique position to clarify McGovern's boozy program. Always the diplomat, he chooses instead to confine himself to personal anecdotes and bland generalities. "For months," says Galbraith, "friends have kept calling me to say what a mistake it was for McGovern to spell out his position . . . in such

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unnecessary detail." Galbraith comforts his friends by saying, "Only an honest and serious man bothers to tell you exactly what he hopes to do. . . ." Recognizing the unavoidable, off-handedly Galbraith speaks of McGovern's "fiscal policies that nearly everyone agrees are ghastly."

In any event, the magnitude of the McGovern tax load is sufficient to render irrelevant Galbraith's assertion that "the McGovern reforms . . . are designed to benefit the majority" and to provide "relief for the average taxpayer." That *may* have been the intention, but it cannot, by simple arithmetic, be the end result. There simply aren't enough wealthy people to shoulder an additional tax burden of well over $100 billion—and there would be even fewer people bothering to attain high income if those incomes were confiscated.

First Nixon Court

Among the questions asked President Nixon at his recent press conference, one in particular gave him evident satisfaction: *Q*. "Mr. President, do you consider the Supreme Court now to be in balance?" Nixon (smiling): "I feel at the present time that the Court is as balanced as I have had an opportunity to make it."

All four Nixon appointees to the Court participated in the decisions made public during the past six weeks. It is only recently, therefore, that the alteration produced by Nixon in the character of the Court has been fully manifest.

With Kennedy appointee Byron White often providing the swing vote, and the four Nixon appointees usually voting as a bloc, the Court strengthened law enforcement by expanding the authority of the police to "stop and frisk" and by curbing the right to counsel at line-ups. In its 6 to 3 ruling that racially restricted private clubs could hold a state liquor license, the Court indicated its willingness to call a halt to government intrusion upon the private life, and did so despite the heretofore irresistible invocation of the cause of "civil rights." Without reviewing all the decisions here, it is fair to say that the requirements of order and stability received a far more favorable hearing from the Nixon Court than from its predecessor.

The precise meaning of the Court's decision on the death penalty remains obscure. Each of the nine Justices wrote his own opinion, the decision was 5 to 4, and Chief Justice Burger himself expressed his own confusion about the meaning of the decision. From one perspective, certainly, the decision should be understood as reflecting the view that complex questions may be best settled by the legislative rather than the judicial process. Most analysts of the decision now agree that the Court has left the door open for state legislatures to enact death penalties for specific crimes, and that such legislation would not be found capricious or in violation to the Eighth Amendment. Nor will it be a bad thing if the effect of the Court's ruling is to refine the terms under which the death penalty may be invoked. Even principled proponents of the death penalty could agree that execution, as currently meted out in the United States, contains too large an element of caprice.

The Nixon Court will shortly have an opportunity to consider one of the principal aberrations of the Warren Court, its absolutization of the "establishment" clause of the First Amendment. Last week, by a 2 to 1 vote, a U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C. ruled that compulsory chapel at the three U.S. military academies is unconstitutional. This ruling will certainly be appealed to the Supreme Court and the resulting decision—and the accompanying constitutional argument—will shed light on the prospects for things like school prayer and aid to parochial schools.

"I feel at the present time that the Court is as balanced as I have had an opportunity to make it." This Nixonism is worth savoring; i.e., a single term in the Presidency has not been enough for me to give the Court the final touch of balance, to bring it to the very acme of balance, or, if you press me on the point, 6 to 3 or 7 to 2 would be even more balanced, in a sense, than 5 to 4, however superior the first Nixon Court was to its unlamented predecessor.

Chilean Notes

Everyone knew the Unidad Popular leaders were closeted for close to a week, engaging in "criticism and self-criticism" and debating what to do in the face of inflation (25 per cent January 1 to May 31), shortages, armed violence from Left and Right and spreading public disenchantment with the Marxist regime. Now it seems Dr. Allende has abandoned his own Socialist Party and delivered himself into the hands of the Communists. Which is probably better for the Chileans, though only in the short run.

The Communists will try to save Allende's hash by slowing the pace of revolution. Already they have denounced the instant-revolution Miristas as "irresponsible," "infantile" and "elitist"; now they woo the op-

Shabby, Underhanded, Cynical, Spiteful, Smelly, Rotten, Corrupt

Can you guess who muttered that?
He's a leading Democrat.
Hubert Humphrey was his pal;
Mrs. King's his platform gal.
Someone stole his votes away
Won in Californ-i-a.
Goodness, what a tiny fuse
For a preacher man to use.

W. H. von Dreele

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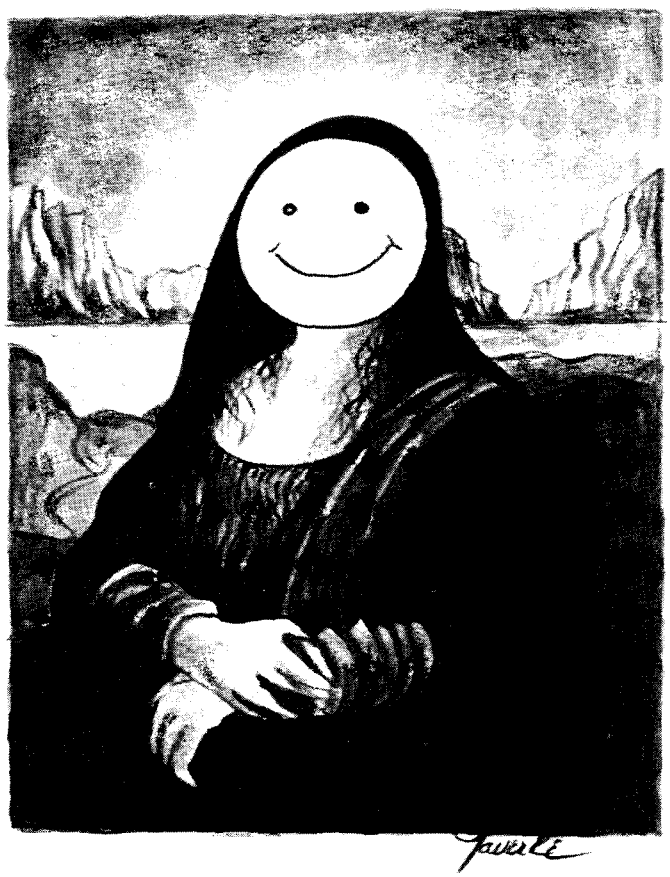
position Christian Democrats with talk of "dialogue." Observers expect fewer businesses to be nationalized in the coming months; the new line is to "improve relations" between the public and private sectors.

But the Christian Democrats aren't having any. The "dialogue" appears to be breaking down already, primarily over the regime's insistence on nationalizing the Compania Papeles y Cartónes, Chile's principal source of newsprint. The Christian Democrats won't hear of it —because, they say, Allende would destroy the opposition press by denying it paper. (On another front, the government still refuses to grant Papeles y Cartónes the price increase it needs to stay in business.) The Christian Democrats are stalling while their position improves. They are now expected to win the crucial by-election July 16 in Coquimbo province; a victory there would be a terrific blow to Allende's prestige. Meanwhile, the economy goes down the drain.

The Communists can wait too. That they are determined to pursue their "democratic revolution" at any cost is shown by the sacking of their old chum Pedro Vuskovic as Minister of Economy. Vuskovic was the architect of Chile's economic revolution—the big wage hikes coupled with price ceilings, the expropriations, the spending of the treasury's cash reserves ($480 million when Allende took over, down to $60 million now) to keep the poor fed and content. The man in the street is beginning to wonder whether Allende himself may someday have to be sacrificed.

Few are fooled by the "moderation" of the Communists. In Chile as elsewhere in Latin America, the Party has a long history of opportunism. For instance, few doubt that it was at the Communists' prompting that Allende offered cabinet posts to five army officers last month (he was turned down). That was simply the Party's way of telling the army that, come the crunch, the Party would rather fight alongside it against the Miristas than the other way around. The Communists simply believe that in Chile and at least some other Latin American nations it is possible and would be preferable to win state power by exploiting the democratic mechanisms. A civil war, especially a premature civil war, would be the hard way—hence the overtures to the army and the demands that MIR be curbed.



Notes & Asides

■ To: Directors, NATIONAL REVIEW
From: WFB
Re: Libel suits

Good news. The District Court in New York (through Judge Richard Levet) made an important decision over the weekend. He denied *Esquire*'s motion for summary judgment against me, in *Buckley* v. *Esquire*. This means that we go to trial. The legal meaning is that the court finds that there are triable issues, and a prima facie case that *Esquire* did in fact recklessly print libelous statements in printing Gore Vidal's article. The action against Vidal is a separate action, but of course largely correlative. Vidal's counter-suit against me was dropped by the court when it confronted the identical test a year ago.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I feel somewhat like the parent who, as he raises the strap, says, "This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you," for I must assure you that I am a devoted but discreet admirer of yours—and I never thought that I could come to this point: I am about to criticize you for a fairly flagrant mistake in grammar contained at the front of *American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century*, headed acknowledgments.

The offending sentence is, "I wish to record . . . my thanks to Professor Leonard W. Levy for his patience and for the excellence of his advice which, if he had given any more of it, this would have been a book about twenty-first-century American thought."

It can readily be seen that if one takes out the clause "if he had given any more of it," the word "which" is left dangling without a verb.

In view of the thousands of words that you turn out,

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my criticism may seem niggling so I would be obliged if you would regard it as a gentle reproach. Yours truly,

Barbara Lamon
(Mrs. R. Lamon)
1008 Maitland St.
London, Ontario

Dear Mrs. Lamon: The grammatical error isn't fairly *flagrant, it is* very *flagrant. Indeed, it was first called to my attention by Professor Levy himself. The verbal wrench is designed to superordinate the idiomatic over the grammatical, for rhetorical effect. The late Professor Willmoore Kendall, at the time a senior editor of* NATIONAL REVIEW, *once wrote an editorial paragraph the first sentence of which began, "The weekend conference at Arden House, which by the way why doesn't somebody burn it down, reached several conclusions . . ." Reproached by the (then) managing editor Miss La Follette with a large dictionary in hand, Professor Kendall said, "Suzanne, don't you realize that when people get around to writing dictionaries, they come to people like me to find out what to put in them?" I don't mean that the way it sounds, which by the way isn't so good, is it? Anyway, you are right grammatically. Many thanks. Cordially,* —*WFB*

■ Dear Bill:

You asked for the text of my letter to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. I enclose it. Best,

Hugh

Mr. Denis M. Robinson
Secretary
American Academy of Arts and Sciences
280 Newton Street
Brookline Station, Boston, Mass. 02146

Dear Mr. Robinson:

Your letter of May 10 brought word of an honor conferred, for which I am grateful. Your mentioning that the Academy I was invited to join had been founded by John Adams brought me the special pleasure of intricate symmetry, since my book *The Pound Era*, published only last March, celebrates the contribution to the life of the mind rendered during six decades by my old mentor Ezra Pound, who was the first to interest me in his favorite President, Adams.

So you may judge of my astonishment on learning that the Council of the Academy had voted to overturn its committee's recommendation that Pound receive the 1972 Emerson and Thoreau medal. It would have been understandable had no such recommendation been made: official bodies are timid. In going through the squalid charade of striking it down once made, the Council has postulated criteria it deems inaccessible to its own expert committee. It has also insulted an 86-year-old man whose donation to the American language will stand long after the present Councilors' names are forgotten, doubted the capacity of American opinion for getting past decades-old headlines, and affronted too the considerable band of scholars, some of them Academy Fellows, who have judged Ezra Pound's work a more cogent theme than others they might have pursued.

In electing scholars to Fellowship, the Academy not only honors them but continues to define itself. Its prestige is the sum of its Fellows' reputations. My work with Pound is the base of my own reputation. In soliciting that, and simultaneously affronting Pound and those persuaded of his greatness, the Academy ventures into ironies so labyrinthine I do not care to help resolve them. I must therefore regretfully decline its invitation.

Sincerely yours,
Hugh Kenner

■ Stanley Karnow
The *Washington Post*

Dear Stan:

It doesn't really matter all that much, but I do have an archeological quirk that brings me to trace back such matters, so I am constrained to correct you. Perhaps you will not mind. After all, it is a little more comfortable to know that such enormities as you imputed to me were the result of misunderstanding. Better than that I should actually be saying, and thinking, such things.

You wrote (*Wash. Post*, Oct. 20, 1971): "In addition to Buckley's narrative, which warns Peking's admission to the UN 'will one day deliver the world to Mao Tse-tung . . .' " I protested that I could not remember saying any such thing. You replied: "I think I quoted you in context and accurately, since I actually sat through the . . . film you narrated."

I have now come up with the script. Here is what it says:

"Meanwhile, [i.e., as our new China policy goes forward] every day, hundreds of millions of people, enslaved by what Professor Wittfogel once identified as the megalomania of the aging despot, suffer and will suffer more from the knowledge that the United States, which sustained the dream of counterrevolution, has quietly given up; is showing the degeneration the Communist leaders promised their miserable people will, one day soon, deliver the world to Chairman Mao."

Now: In your piece, you named Peking's admission to the UN as the effective agent that would deliver the world to Mao. Worse, you had me ascribing Peking's admission to the UN as the effective agent that would deliver the world to Mao. I, in my text, said that the *degeneration of the Western position*, which included the abandonment of any hope of counterrevolution, persuades millions of Chinese that their leaders are right, that the world will go to Communism.

I need not, Brother Stan, elaborate on the difference, beyond saying that the one statement is the statement of the madman, the other the analysis of,

Your learned friend, Bill.

—WFB

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SALT on Whose Tail?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

I REPEAT: The nature of the regime is the heart of the matter. And this is precisely the factor which, in their discussions of the SALT accords, the President, Henry Kissinger and all the other official spokesmen have resolutely ignored. What sort of regime is it, then? Let me try a story (a true story) as one way of answering.

A few months ago a first-rate journalist named David Bonavia, who had for several years been the London *Times*' representative in Moscow, was expelled by the Soviet government. On June 21 the well-known Soviet historian, Pyotr Yakir, who had been associated with the "dissidents," was arrested by the KGB, and has since been held incommunicado. Not long before Bonavia's expulsion Yakir had come to his apartment in Moscow and asked him to record a statement on tape.

When Bonavia was ordered to leave, he realized his luggage would be searched so thoroughly that the tape and any transcript of it would be discovered and confiscated. He therefore memorized the key portions and destroyed the tape. After Yakir's arrest and a report that the KGB had searched Yakir's apartment at least three times this year, Bonavia figured no further harm could come to Yakir through publication of parts of the statement.

"If they beat me," Yakir had recorded that evening, "I will say anything—I know from my former experience in the camps. But you will know that it will not be the real me speaking. Another thing, I shall never in any circumstances commit suicide. So you will know that, if they say I have done away with myself, someone else will have done me in.

"Remember one thing: in this country it is progress when they put people in labor camps and psychiatric hospitals and prisons. It is progress because they are not shot. . . .

"In the West, you people have got your racial problems, you have got Ulster and all that. But in this country we have had slavery for fifty years. If you want to cultivate that slavery, that is your lookout."

Slave camp life will not be a novelty to Pyotr Yakir. His father, Iona Yakir, a general in the Red Army, was executed in 1937 during Stalin's purge, and the young Pyotr spent the next fourteen years in Siberian camps.

No News Is No News

This episode is of course entirely banal, typical, routine, and that is what marks its significance. The introductory incidents are perhaps even more revealing than Yakir's statement. Consider: Bonavia was expelled from the Soviet Union, like scores before him, solely and simply for the one supreme journalistic crime of transmitting truths concerning Soviet realities. (In Bonavia's case, the precipitating crime was probably his having reported the existence and distribution of the *samizdat* publications. Because the *samizdat* are usually referred to as "underground" it is not understood in the West that they do not break any laws on the Soviet books. They are "underground" only in the sense that they are produced, usually by mimeograph, by individuals, since no official publishers will put them out.)

Consider, further, Bonavia's assumption, which anyone else familiar with the Soviet regime would also have made, and which was entirely accurate, that his personal luggage would be totally searched on his leaving the country. Consider that a noted historian has no way, except by communicating it to a foreign acquaintance, of assuming that a statement of his will ever be known to anyone apart from the KGB. There will be no public session or transcript of any trial, if the KGB bothers with a trial.

Or let us take another story, equally true and equally typical. On March 11 there was a bad accident at a radio-TV factory in Minsk, capital of Byelorussia. It resulted in several score deaths, many injuries and considerable physical damage. Nothing whatever was published about it in the Soviet press or broadcast on TV or radio. However, an accident on this scale is necessarily known to a lot of people, and word of this one spread rapidly. Within a couple of days the facts became known to foreigners and were reported outside the Soviet Union. Still not a word from the Soviet media. Finally, two weeks after the event, knowledge had become so general that *Pravda* printed a small news item about "an industrial accident," without any details or casualty list or even the date of occurrence.

Note here that the regime's censorship operated solely against the regime's own subjects. And it could not have been a question of military or scientific security. It was an ordinary civilian plant, and the outside world knew what had happened. This entire affair bears solely on the inner relationship between the regime and its subjects.

From the Bear's Mouth

And third, let us add the following strokes to our sketch of the regime. On June 27 the Soviet Number One, Leonid Brezhnev, gave a dinner for Fidel Castro. He chose, or more exactly he arranged, the occasion of this "family gathering" to explain to the global Communist community the meaning of his Summit meeting with Richard Nixon. This is a mode of communication frequently employed by the Communist leadership, and Castro's presence symbolized the specific concentration on the problem of Castro's big neighbor. Brezhnev spoke with unequivocal clarity. Negotiations with the United States "in no way signify a possibility of weakening the ideological struggle against the West. On the contrary, we should be prepared for an intensification of the struggle." He went all out in support of North Vietnam. The Soviet Union, he promised, will "always" pursue "a socialist foreign policy," always "oppose imperialism." The Soviet Union supports "all the revolutionary forces of our time."

Let us complete the sketch with a sentence from Leopold Tyrmand's superb "primer on Communist civilization" (*The Rosa Luxemburg Contraceptives Cooperative*): "Can one objectively explain a legal system in which the prosecutor is *always* right?" □

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THE WELFARE MESS

A Longer Look at FAP

GEORGE TERBORGH

ONE OF THE major objectives of the Family Assistance Plan (FAP), both as originally proposed and as now embodied in HR 1, is to abate inequities inherent in the present program for Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC).

Many of the inequities arise because AFDC, though supported in part by federal grant-in-aid and subject to federal supervision, is largely state-determined and state-administered. This has resulted in a fantastic variety of benefit levels, eligibility requirements and administrative practices, impossible to rationalize from a national viewpoint.

To remedy this situation, aptly described by President Nixon as "the welfare mess," the Family Assistance Plan proposes, in effect, to nationalize the whole business—a basic federal assistance program to blanket the entire country. Although individual states may supplement FAP at their option, the administration of both the basic and the supplemental programs will be federalized. Moreover, both will be subject (insofar as they have common coverage) to uniform eligibility requirements, uniform definitions of income and assets, and uniform income and asset exclusions in the determination of eligibility and benefits.

If enacted, FAP will reduce substantially the diversity of treatment now obtaining under 54 separate statutes and administrations. Regrettably, however, it will produce neither a uniform national system nor equitable treatment of the nation's welfare families. These ill effects will arise 1) from piggybacking widely different state supplements on the basic federal grant, and 2) from the structure of income and asset exclusions prescribed by FAP for eligibility and benefit determination.

Let's examine these two sources of inequity separately, beginning with the effect of state supplementation.

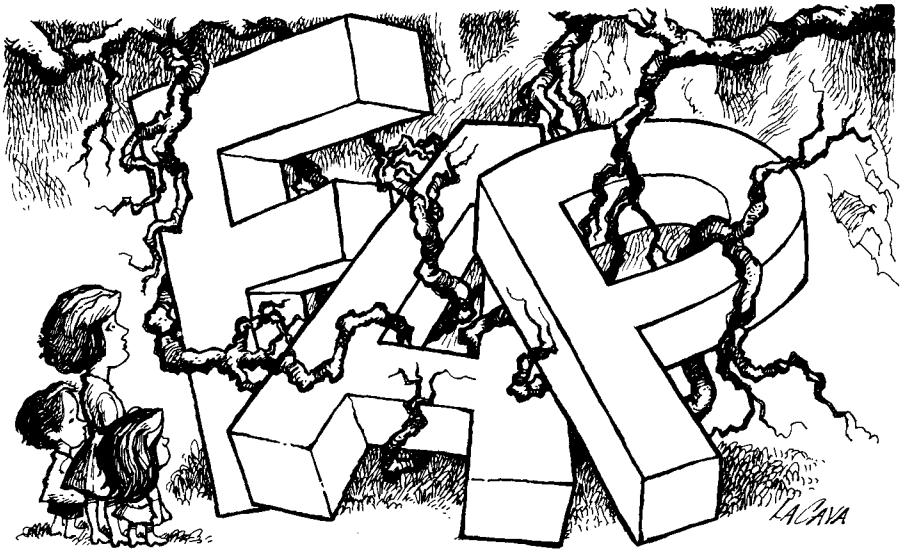
As already noted, supplementation is optional, but it is anticipated that states with present AFDC benefits above the proposed federal standard (about 85 per cent of the total if food stamps are counted) will elect to supply additional assistance. Witness the following statement of the Ways and Means Committee on May 26, 1971:

> In general, it is anticipated that those states which now provide assistance at a level below that of the new federal programs of your committee's bill will find the federal benefits adequate to meet the essential needs of the poor in their areas, while those states which currently have higher payment levels will find it desirable to supplement the federal assistance payments. Your committee's bill accordingly leaves each state completely free either to provide no supplementation of federal assistance payments or to supplement those payments to whatever extent it finds appropriate in view of the needs and resources of its citizens.

If the Committee is correct in its expectation that most states with benefit levels above the federal grant will elect to maintain them, the pattern of supplements will range from very small to very large—up to nearly double the basic grant (including the allowance in lieu of food stamps). The spread will far exceed anything justifiable by differences in living costs, income levels or other relevant factors, and will continue (among the supplementing states) substantially the degree of *geographical* discrimination that prevails now.

But this is not the only kind of discrimination involved in the piggyback arrangement. FAP proposes to cover under the *federal* grant more than 2.5 million families of "working poor" now ineligible for AFDC. These are families headed by employable males (whether or not employed). But even if a state elects to supplement the basic grant for its present AFDC coverage, it is not required to include this additional caseload. Moreover, if a state does include it, it must do so at its own expense. It is a safe bet that few will do so.

Here is a categorical inequity of the first magnitude. Female-headed families will receive supplemental benefits in many, if not in most, states. Families headed by employable males (with some minor exceptions) will receive only the basic federal grant.



THE SECOND major source of inequities in the Family Assistance Plan is its structure of income and asset exclusions.

A word about the nature of exclusions. The plan provides that unless *earned* income is excluded, the federal assistance grant is reduced by two-thirds of the amount earned. It provides also that unless *unearned* income is excluded, the grant is reduced by 100 per cent thereof. It provides further

Mr. Terborgh, a long-time professor of economics, has written numerous books and articles on the subject.

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that unless *assets* are excluded, the family is not entitled to assistance until its assets have been reduced to $1,500. Suppose I list the exclusions under these three headings and then discuss some of their possible effects.

Earned Income Exclusions:

1. Sixty dollars a month of earnings (a standard allowance for such employment expenses as transportation, lunch etc.).
2. Earnings of students regularly attending school.
3. Irregular earnings up to $30 a quarter.
4. An amount of earnings equal to approved child-care costs. (There is a ceiling of $2,000 a year for a family of four, and up to $3,000 for larger families for the sum of exclusions 2, 3 and 4).
5. Home-grown food or other produce used by the family for its own consumption.
6. Amounts earned by the foster care of children placed with the family by an eligible child-care agency.

Unearned Income Exclusions:

1. Income from the ownership of a home (of reasonable value) and of household goods and personal effects.
2. The proceeds of a life insurance policy (up to $1,500) not exceeding the family's expenses for the insured's last illness and burial.
3. Irregular unearned income not exceeding $60 a quarter.
4. Needs-based assistance (except veterans' pensions) from governments and tax-exempt private agencies.
5. Training and rehabilitation allowances (up to a limit) under federal and state programs.
6. Grants, scholarships and fellowships used for tuition and fees at an educational institution.
7. One-third of payments for child support and alimony.

Asset Exclusions:

1. An owner-occupied residence of reasonable value.
2. Household goods and personal effects of reasonable value.
3. Property deemed essential to the family's self-support.
4. Life insurance not exceeding $1,500 per person (face value).

This is quite an array of exclusions. Since their possible permutations and combinations are almost unlimited, a comprehensive analysis of their effects is out of the question. All I can do is offer a few illustrative examples. They are imaginary, but not improbable. Suppose we begin with the asset exclusions.

Three widows are left estates of $25,000 each by their husbands, one bequest being the family residence, another a portfolio of securities yielding 6 per cent annually, and the third a piece of vacant land. Each widow has three minor children and remains at home to care for them. The first is entitled to keep the house (assuming the value of the house is adjudged "reasonable" by the welfare authorities), and since its rental value is *excluded* income she is eligible for the full FAP grant for a family of four, $2,400 a year. The second is allowed to keep her securities, but since their income is *not* excluded, her FAP grant is $900 a year ($2,400 minus $1,500). The third is required to sell the land and consume the proceeds down to $1,500 before becoming eligible.

Putting the three cases together, an interesting picture emerges. Assuming the net rental income from the residence is 6 per cent of its capital value, the widow receiving this bequest has an income of $3,900 a year ($2,400 of assistance plus $1,500 of rental income). The widow receiving the securities portfolio has $2,400 ($900 of assistance plus $1,500 in interest and dividends). Finally, the widow receiving the vacant land gets nothing *and* she is subjected to compulsory pauperization (down to $1,500) before she can qualify.*

Home Income Exclusion:

In this case we have two female-headed families, each with three minor children. The mothers stay at home. One family lives in a rented apartment in the city, the other owns a home in the country, surrounded by a few acres of land, and keeps a cow, chickens, pigs and a vegetable garden. Both families get the maximum FAP grant of $2,400, but while this constitutes the entire income of the first, the second gets in addition the net rental value of the home, $1,200 a year, and $500, the value of home-grown food. Thus their total incomes are $2,400 and $4,100.

Youth Earnings Exclusion:

Again we have two female-headed families with three minor children. In the first, none of the children is old enough to work, but in the second there are two boys, aged fifteen and seventeen, who have employment during school vacations and holidays, with combined earnings of $2,000 a year. Since these are excluded as student earnings, both families draw the same FAP grant of $2,400. Their total incomes are therefore $2,400 and $4,400.

Foster Care Exclusion:

We have two female-headed families of four, but this time with no children of working age. Instead, it is the mothers who work. One of them does "day work" in the community for an income of $2,500 a year. The other cares for three foster children placed by the local welfare agency at a fee of $100 a month each. Her gross of $3,600 a year is reduced by expenses (food etc.) to $2,500 of net income. The first family is entitled to a FAP grant of $1,213 a year, the second to $2,400 (earnings from foster care being excluded). Their total incomes are $3,713 and $4,900, respectively.

Multiple Exclusions:

Each of the foregoing cases has traced the effect of a single type of exclusion. Multiple exclusions are of course possible—with more serious effects.

Take, for example, two male-headed families under the "working poor" program. Both consist of two parents and two children. The first has no unearned income and no children of working age. The father is a laborer earning $3,000 a year; the mother is a houseworker earning $1,000. The FAP grant is $213 a year. Likewise in the second family both husband and wife work, the former making $3,000 a year as a laborer; the latter, $1,000 (net) by caring for foster children. In this case, the family has unearned income of $100 a month, or $1,200 a year, in the net rental value of an owned home. It raises its own food to the value of $300. It has one child in high school and one in college, whose combined vacation earnings amount to $2,000. Moreover, the col-

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* It may be asked why the third widow does not sell the land and buy a home or income-yielding securities with the proceeds, thus putting herself in the same situation as the others. This is not permitted. In the words of the Ways and Means Committee: "The Secretary's regulations would be written so as to avoid the possibility that [included] assets could be turned into real or personal property which would be excluded" ("Report on HR 1," p. 183).

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TOEING THE CP LINE

A Soporific Evening with Angela Davis

JOHN BROWNE

I HAD EXPECTED the audience to include colorful personalities of the New Left, frenetic teen-agers of the SDS (or what remains of them) on a jubilant rampage, show-business personalities offering champagne and sympathy, and beautiful black people in all their magnificent plumage. But the "Evening with the Stars" at Madison Square Garden to celebrate the acquittal of Angela Davis proved to be a gloomy and interminable affair.

The only stars announced or observed in the auditorium were the General Secretary of the U.S. Communist Party, Gus Hall, and Bella Abzug. Most of the people in the hall seemed well-heeled, middle-class, middle-aged, bourgeois and, judging by their reactions to statements made from the podium, committed hard-line Communists. They were present on party business. There were few smiles and the only laughter I heard was sarcastic and angry. Serious party-line planning and fund-raising for the overthrow of the American social and political system were obviously the order of the day; the adventurists of the New Left were elsewhere.

THE ENTERTAINMENT preceding the appearance of Miss Davis herself was professional, monotonous, and went on far too long. Instead of an intermission there was a collection (one or two people contributed $1,000); for more than three hours various bands and vocalists played and played and played. Perhaps the most original offering was Pete Seeger's. He sang a number he had composed himself in praise of the musicality of the people of North Vietnam and of the beauty of their countryside.

Eventually, as the eleventh hour approached, we were vouchsafed what Ossie Davis described as the "nitty-gritty." A set of transparent bullet-proof screens was arranged around a desk and the Party Chairman, Henry Winston, presented the heroine of the evening. But not before casting scorn on the arch-reactionaries who "could not understand the language of Angela Davis." The unholy trinity of chief offenders: William F. Buckley Jr., the late J. Edgar Hoover and Richard Nixon—in that order. Controlled and rather spiritless catcalls greeted each name.

At long last Miss Davis herself took over. The audience rose and greeted her with raised arm and clenched fist. Her appearance was stunning, her personality strong and attractive and her manner of speaking effective. But her address was a tirade, persuasive only to those already committed to her revolutionary point of view. She prophesied the imminent defeat and collapse of the American ruling class, of the American government, of the American judicial and penal systems, of the capitalist American economy, of the "billionaire syndicates who pull the strings of government," of the Pentagon—all of which she dismissed as decadent, racist and corrupt. The revolution, she said, will be brought about by the people in the streets and will be considerably aided by the very defense committees which had, apparently, arranged for her acquittal and release. The political business of these committees, she claimed, has only just started. The future of America will be largely shaped by them and by their associates "all over the world."

Of the justice she had received in our American courts she was utterly contemptuous. The force of world indignation and the efforts of the defense committees had, apparently, railroaded the jury into an acquittal. It must be a little difficult for an accused person completely to condemn a judicial system that has just produced a verdict of not guilty. Miss Davis escaped from this dilemma by attacking 1) the principle of accusing political activists of any crimes whatever and 2) the prisons themselves and their persecution and ill-treatment of inmates. By confusing the judicial with the penal system she managed neatly to condemn the whole idea of law enforcement in America.

Miss Davis clearly imagines that every political activist or radical sympathizer is automatically innocent of whatever crime he or she is accused of having committed—murder, mayhem, sabotage, you name it. Indeed, one of her present aims is the release of "all political prisoners," by which she clearly means the release of all radicals accused of crime, regardless of guilt.

Miss Davis also maintains that all prisoners, if they happen to be black or brown, are automatically political prisoners. Her "brothers in Attica" may well be entitled to sympathy in certain defined respects but they certainly cannot all be considered innocent or political.

MISS DAVIS also implied that all radicals, all radical sympathizers, all political activists, even those not in jail, are inevitably victims of persecution, arrest and false accusation. If this were true I cannot imagine how every member of that very particular audience at Madison Square Garden was allowed to walk out into the torrential rain at 11:30 P.M. unmolested and as free as birds, many of them no doubt expressing sentiments of a nature that the majority of the citizens of New York—let alone the New York Police—would consider highly subversive.

Angela Davis is a genuine superstar of the Communist Party. She has courage, personality and pertinacity. It will be interesting to see whether she also has, perhaps, a bit too much honesty. She is apt to let the cat out of the bag, and that may well prove to be unnerving to a party that favors a more stealthy tread in its attack on the American system.

The rally at the Garden was primarily a get-together of friends and fellow travelers. However, attendance should have been obligatory for those who dismiss the notion that Communism is a threat to the American way of life and to all our institutions as a reactionary whim. □

John Browne, a long-time observer of the New York City cultural scene, makes his first apperance in NATIONAL REVIEW *with this dispatch.*

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OFFSHORE ATTACK

Russia: Just Fishing?

R. D. PAEGLE

AMERICANS are familiar with stories of Russian fishing vessels off our shores hogging catches, dragging their nets over our fishermen's nets, and otherwise making life even tougher for the already beleaguered American fishing industry. Those accounts may be only the tip of the iceberg: There may be a much more sinister significance in the presence of large numbers—suspiciously large numbers—of Russian trawlers off our shores.

During a recent surveillance flight off the New England coast which I accompanied, a National Marine Fisheries Service official counted 72 Russian fishing vessels, 27 Polish, seven East German, six Bulgarian, five Japanese and one West German. On an average day, the USSR keeps two hundred to four hundred such ships close to our shores. In the past few years, according to UN statistics, the Japanese and Peruvian fleets have caught more fish than the Russians—yet they do not appear to find U.S. offshore fishing grounds nearly so attractive.

Alone among the major fishing powers, the USSR is also a military superpower; hence the military potential of its commercial fishing fleet must be considered. A Russian submarine or surface ship (including an adapted trawler) operating three miles to two hundred miles out could fire a missile at any American target near a coast on a flat trajectory that would bring it in under our land-based radar. Even if the missile should be detected, our antimissiles could not possibly knock it out in time.

To project an especially grim scenario, a high-speed short-range Russian missile comparable to the U.S. Sprint, fired from a trawler in international waters, could cover the distance to Washington, D.C. in less time than would be needed to transmit a warning by radio. The President could be caught off-guard and denied the chance to issue any commands, including one for a counterattack. The well-disciplined commanders of our ICBM sites would be paralyzed in the absence of orders; while they wasted precious minutes trying to communicate with their superiors, the Russians could deliver a knockout blow.

Dr. Paegle is Chairman of the Seamen's Education Federation and has had many contacts with members of the Soviet fishing fleet.

American industry, population and military targets are heavily concentrated along the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Coasts; all are highly vulnerable to close-in seaborne missile attack. From vessels anchored just off Washington and Oregon, the enemy could neutralize Minuteman sites (and their protecting ABMs) in Montana and North Dakota. Ship-launched intermediate-range missiles (IRBMs) would arrive much sooner than transpolar ICBMs launched from the USSR—and would have the added advantage of greater accuracy, owing to the shorter distance involved. In addition, many of our overseas bases (e.g., Rota in Spain and Holy Loch in Scotland) are close to international waters and therefore vulnerable to an accurate seaborne surprise attack.

Russian fishing trawlers are perfectly suited to function as launch sites. Many of the 4,500 vessels are stern trawlers ranging in size from two thousand to five thousand tons. By comparison, a missile submarine is two thousand to three thousand tons. A few short-range cruise-type missiles could be hidden even on the smaller trawlers.

The stern trawlers offer excellent concealment. Rockets could be stored below decks, then brought up on deck and prepared for firing beneath the superstructure built around and over the conveyor belts, winches and other machinery used for hauling nets over the stern. The rockets could be moved to the open area at the stern just moments before firing; only then would they be vulnerable to discovery from the air.

Fishing vessels have another advantage, a psychological one. The Russians have long since learned that the United States, if aroused, is capable of huge defense outlays which can, in the long run, outpace the maximum efforts of the Soviet economy. When the USSR built a huge fleet of conventional submarines, the Americans quickly developed a nuclear submarine fleet armed with Polaris missiles. In the present political climate, with antimilitary sentiment running high, U.S. military spending is scrutinized most carefully. However, if a sudden growth of Russian nuclear strike forces, including missile submarines, became too obvious to the general public even the militant peace force might not be able to prevent a commensurate increase in the American defense budget. The trick is to avoid alarming Americans unduly; a secretly armed trawler force avoids that risk.

Moreover, if the Soviet Union ever tried to concentrate most of its submarines along our shores, the chance of premature discovery would be too great. A surface fishing fleet, on the other hand, is free to come and go, and can linger near the target until the right moment arrives.

To be sure, it is unlikely that the Soviet Union would risk a major confrontation at this time by carrying hidden missiles aboard trawlers. Even with tight, Russian-style security, the risk of discovery would be too great. Sailors defect to the West from time to time; others blab to Western agents operating within the USSR; a ship might sink in a storm and later be inspected by American personnel.

THE MISSILES could be introduced quickly, however. A new rotation of trawlers, with new crews, military men in disguise, and with missiles aboard, could replace the ships now operating off the U.S. coasts within four weeks. Or Russian military planners could introduce a relatively few, adequately disguised special ships into the regular fishing fleet.

The Soviet Union is always seeking in new directions for a decisive advantage. The best bet: radically new mixes of weapons and delivery systems, and placement of weapons in sites immune to inspection. Large orbiting "space labs" might someday conceal such a system; however, surface ships ostensibly used for innocent purposes are already on station.

In this connection, one Russian pro-

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COME THE REVOLUTION

Our roving correspondent visits Boumedienne's Algeria, wet-nurse to the world revolution, and meets rote-revolutionaries aplenty. America is evil, they tell him, our triumph is just around the corner, and please send money

Visiting with Eldridge Cleaver in the Casbah

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

ALGIERS — Someone was once quoted, out of context of course, as saying if you've seen one slum you've seen them all; he might have substituted Revolutionary Fronts for slums.

The capital of Colonel Boumédienne's socialist republic has become the Mecca of revolution, a haven for fugitives from America, South Africa, Rhodesia, Portugal, Palestine, Angola, Mozambique and just about everywhere else. From tough-talking, fire-breathing Black Panthers to soft-spoken, intellectually inclined Portuguese, Algiers welcomes all revolutionaries (except, of course Christians from the south Sudan—who have allegedly been massacred to the tune of 500,000 by the Moslem northerners—and, heaven forbid, any Algerian).

Once a revolutionary movement is accredited by the Algerians, it automatically receives $500 per month, a house that doubles as office and living quarters, sometimes a car and military training of prospective guerrillas.

Why does Algeria offer all this? The answer lies in Boumédienne's shrewd scheme of running a totalitarian state under the guise of an independent socialist utopia, and his desire to deal with the capitalists without provoking poor leftist Arab or African regimes.

The assignment to report on this jungle of revolutionary fronts was given me in the relative safety of a New York office, more or less as a Christmas present. I had always wanted to visit the mysterious Casbah, involve myself in foreign intrigue, maybe run into a young Hedy Lamarr. I brushed up on my Fleming, bought a trench-coat and

after haggling for a tourist visa for two weeks flew into Algiers, a very excited correspondent about to infiltrate the innermost secrets of Angela Davis' mother. (She *did* say that revolution was her mother.) Driving into Algiers in a pre-independence taxi, I passed new factories and rows of oil refineries that clashed with the ramshackle houses of earlier times. The city looks worn and dull. The melancholy of Camus' novel is there without the sensuality or nostalgia. Veiled women in white wait patiently at bus stops; the absence of coffee-shop lingering by the male population—men's favorite pastime in this part of the world—is noticeable.

My driver, a loquacious self-admitted hero of the revolution ("I killed thirty Frenchmen in two years") explains that Algeria today is the richest North African state with a booming economy. We weave around a horrendous traffic jam, climb up one of the several hills Algeria lies sprawled upon, and suddenly reach an oasis of thick, green vegetation, palm trees and eucalyptus that is the St. George Hotel.

The St. George, Moorish, rococo, built at the turn of the century, is a large, white stucco-and-stone Arabian Nights palace. Inside, high ceilings, gardened courtyards, intricately carved wooden screens, innumerable arches and multicolored marble mosaics make a perfect setting for international intrigue. The bar is full of businessmen and Algerian secret police trying to look casual.

I SIT NEXT to a bored German with a ham-like face and listen to a garrulous Frenchman trying to convince a group of suspicious Arabs of his firm's good intentions. My contact arrives. We drive to his house on the outskirts of the city, and he gives me a list of revolutionary fronts, with certain tips on how to approach them and what to say in case they get suspicious. The list is an acronymic nightmare:

ANC—South Africa revolutionary movement.

FPLN—Popular Front of Portugal.

FRELIMO—Mozambique Revolutionary Front.

Al Fatah—Palestine Liberation Movement.

PFLP—Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

PDFLP—Popular Democratic Front for Liberation of Palestine.

SWAPO—South West Africa People's Organization.

ZZAPV—Rhodesian Liberation Front.

ELF—Eritean Liberation Front.

Mr. Theodoracopulos, our roving correspondent, is based in Athens.

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—and, of course, the Black Panthers, the latest arrival on the dynamite-for-dynamite's-sake scene, who have added an adjective to the already bulging revolutionary lexicon, that most of their fellow conspirators had trouble understanding at first: "motherfuckin."

Besides revolution, the common denominator linking the various fronts is the vituperation their spokesmen heap upon the United States. Fascist, imperialist, oppressive, colonialist, genocidal, capitalist are just a few of the pejoratives. Uncle Sam is blamed for cholera in Pakistan, war in Indochina, hunger in Africa, pollution in Europe, instability in South America, alcoholism in France, pachydermy in Germany, homosexuality in England, suppression of homosexuality in Spain, the breakdown of taxicabs in Cuba, and of course the Colonels in Greece.

"All power to the people! Death to the fascist imperialists!" The speaker of these cataclysmic slogans is a very thin, high-voiced, effeminate professor who leads the battle for the liberation of—the Canary Islands. He is the only revolutionary in Algiers who supplements his $500 monthly subsidy by holding down a job: He teaches classical Arabic.

Pronouncing his esses in the traditional Spanish manner, indeed looking more Spanish than Manolete with his gaunt, tragic countenance and angular face, he tells me: "We, the Canarians, are not Thpanith. We are ancient Libyans, written about by Herodotus, who slowly drifted to the Canary Islands off the Southwest coast of Africa. Our scientific name is Guanches. We are Guanches, not Thpanith."

The professor expounds on the economic inequities imposed on the indigenous population by the Spaniards, and points out that the Spanish oppression, unlike other imperialistic oppressions, has been going on a long time. Since 1301 to be exact. "Although most of the people might look, act and think themselves Thpanith, I repeat, we are not, never were and will never become Thpaniards."

Showing a great interest in classical Greece and quoting extemporaneously from Plato's *Republic*, he bravely, if sadly, admits to me as he shows me to the door: "I need to get myself recognized by the United Nations as a government-in-exile. Then my movement can raise money for weapons and recruits. You see we have no money, no backers, not too many followers, but with the right kind of propaganda the islanders will rise against the Thpanith." In retrospect, my meeting with the professor turned out to be the one sincere, if comically sad, encounter I had in Algiers.

I'M FOUTHY give me fifty," is the nickname of the head of the South African revolutionary movement. Because of his propensity for asking money from friends and strangers alike in order to finance his revolutionary lifestyle, visiting newsmen bestowed upon Fouthy Muchatini a nickname he truly abhors. "It is for our anti-imperialistic struggles and for showing the world a brave front," he says. "I wouldn't think of spending the money on myself." He adds gravely: "My colonial name was John, but now I've reverted to my tribal name of Fouthy."

Fouthy is a short, round, affable man with sad brown eyes that awaken at the mention of money or the United States. He is opulently dressed in a multicolored silk shirt and gold trinkets.

"We are here in Algeria because of the government's sympathy for our cause. Also, because geographically it is a perfect place for sending out propaganda to Europe and America." He looks at me sadly and continues: "You know that in South Africa blacks are not drafted into the army. Thus, we cannot train our guerrillas and have to bring them here in order to learn from the Algerians." I ask him why, if the Algerians abhor racialist policies, all Algiers' street cleaners are pitch black while the ruling hierarchy is pitch white. I also inquire about the rumored condescension of Algerians toward Africans, stemming from the once-booming Arab slave trade.

A look of pained surprise crosses his face. He quickly changes the subject by asking if I can donate some money to his cause. Later, saying goodbye, he promises an ominous end for the white oppressors in South Africa and laughingly extracts a reluctant promise of an eventual donation.

My next stop is a large, comfortable apartment near the city's broadest boulevard that houses the Portuguese Guineans. Large posters depicting Portuguese atrocities cover the walls along with pictures of Che, Malcolm X, Cabral and Angela Davis. One particularly catches my eye. It is a blow-up of Mylai with an enormous picture of Spiro Agnew superimposed as if standing on the corpses.

Pedro is a gaunt Guinean version of Josef Goebbels, with flashing diatribes and histrionic rhetoric against the Americans and the Portuguese. He is whiter than I am but considers himself black. NATO is the culprit, according to Pedro, because it supplies Portugal with weapons and planes with which she continues her imperialist policies.

I turn the conversation to Sékou Touré's Guinea, and the allegation by newsmen that in 1971 Touré executed more than six thousand persons, some of them in burning oil. Cabral has been getting a great deal of help from Touré.

"Yes, the great Sékou Touré has been our most precious ally. Without him granting us freedom to cross his borders with impunity all would be lost. As for him killing his political opponents, it is a fascist newspaper trick."

IT GOES ON like that. After long periods of suspicious questioning and reluctant grantings of interviews, I visit most of the fronts. The message, give or take a little, is the same: Yes, the revolution is coming. No, they don't mind Algeria doing business with the imperialists. Yes, the Vietcong have won in Vietnam. No, the Portuguese have not won in Angola and Mozambique. Yes, their agitation and propaganda serve a purpose in Algiers. No, absolutely not, they are *not* enjoying

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ECOLOGICAL NOTE

Why Get the Lead Out?

ARTHUR GERUNDA

IT'S STRANGE. Extensive investigations made under the auspices of the federal and state governments, technical societies and private research organizations, show beyond doubt that the lead additives in gasoline yield harmless emissions into the atmosphere. One recent study conducted jointly by the American Petroleum Institute and U.S. Environmental Protection Agency found relatively higher concentrations of lead in the blood of people living in parts of the country where atmospheric lead levels were relatively low. There has been no way found to determine the effect of auto emission on the level of lead in humans.

Yet almost anyone will assure you that lead in gasoline is going to kill us all if we don't take it out now. Auto manufacturers advertise that their cars run on unleaded gasoline. Refiners add pumps in gas stations and advertise "fuels of the future" with no lead. "Not enough," cry environmentalists and journalists. President Nixon orders government cars to run on unleaded gasoline as a first step in cleaning up the air. Soon that wincing in the eyes, the funny feeling in the nostrils and throat will come to an end. The lead will come out of gasoline and everything will be okay.

Emission Pollutants

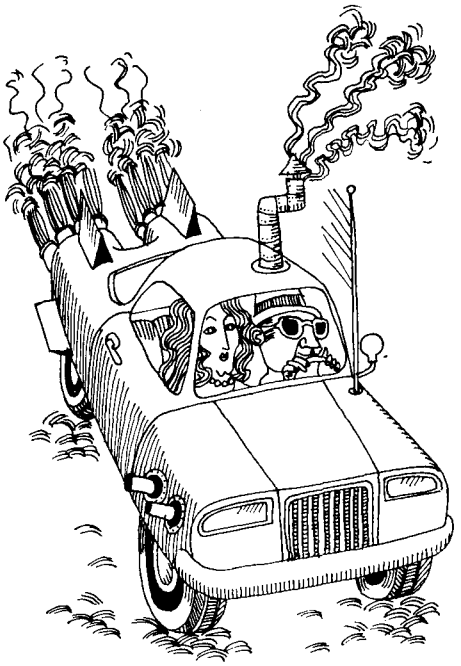
The fact is that lead removal will seriously worsen the quality of the air we breathe. Moreover, as always happens when the public sector does favors for us, we are going to pay through the nose, and the paying will go on and on.

There are many contributors to air pollution: factories, incinerators, furnaces. The internal combustion engine, however, has the distinction of contributing half the pollution in the air today. And more cars hit the pavement every day.

Automotive emissions are the by-products of the burning of fuel in the cylinders. The bulk of auto emissions are made up of the following: unburned hydrocarbons—11 grams per mile; carbon monoxide—80 grams per mile; oxides of nitrogen—4 grams per mile.

All three types of emission are recognized as harmful pollutants.

1. *Unburned hydrocarbons*: Most are of themselves not hazardous materials when first released into the atmosphere. It is the chemicals that are formed by these materials in the air that are extremely harmful. In the presence of oxygen and solar radiation, a series of chemical reactions (which are not yet fully understood) takes place, ending in the eye-searing, plant-killing, lung-rotting chemicals we are forced to breathe. For reasons that will become clear later, note that the most hazardous of the chemicals formed fall into the broad chemical classification known as "aromatic hydrocarbons."



2. *Carbon monoxide*: The most widely distributed and most common air pollutant. The total emission of carbon monoxide into the air exceeds that of all other pollutants combined, with motor vehicles accounting for almost 60 per cent of it. Harmful effects on human health are reported to occur at atmospheric concentrations of ten parts per million (ppm) of carbon monoxide with eight hours' exposure. This level is reported, though infrequently, in some major cities.

3. *Nitrogen oxides*: Consisting for the most part of nitric oxide and nitrogen dioxide which react with the organic compounds in the air, particularly hydrocarbons, to produce a variety of chemicals injurious to living tissue.

The lead in gasoline is not added as pure lead, but as a compound known as tetraethyl (TEL), a highly flammable, heavy liquid blended into gasoline in quantities not usually exceeding three to five cubic centimeters (a thimbleful) per gallon. Tetraethyl is one of lead's highly toxic forms; gasolines containing it are generally required to be colored to indicate its presence (hence the amber color of gasolines you buy for your car). The TEL is added to increase the octane of the gasoline to the level required for modern engines (currently 93 to 95 for regular and 100 for premium). In addition, a wide variety of chemicals in minute amounts are added to act as "scavengers" in the engine, reacting with the lead to form *harmless* solid particles that are carried out with the exhaust. This is done to eliminate lead deposits in the engine.

One Solution

So why remove the lead? Good question. Many moons ago, in the early Sixties, California decided to take steps to alleviate a growing smog problem. While Bob Hope and others were wisecracking about the beige haze in the sky over Los Angeles, some people there were able to foresee the destruction of 50 per cent of the state's fruit crop in a very few years. At the time, the best and quickest answer to the problem of auto emissions seemed to be a muffler packed with a chemical catalyst that would convert the harmful pollutants into harmless gases (i.e., unburned hydrocarbons and the carbon monoxide into carbon dioxide and water). There was only one hitch: Lead in any form acts as a poison to the particular catalyst California planned to use. In no time at all a car running on leaded gasoline would render this $500-plus accessory useless.

At that time only American Oil

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Company was producing a lead-free gasoline—and marketing it in only a few areas. No other refiners were ready to make changes as dramatic as those required to produce unleaded gasoline just because California wanted it. But then in the late Sixties came the clamor. Suddenly conservation became the concern of everyone, not just of the hunters and fishermen and Boy Scouts who had been fighting the battle for generations. Suddenly everyone wanted to know who was responsible for the condition of our air. Detroit came in loud and clear with "it's not our fault"; if there were no lead in the gasoline we could put whatchamacallits on the cars that would eliminate pollutants. They cried this while their staffs of top-flight automotive engineers were devoting all their time to figuring ways to replace as much steel as possible with plastic and papier-mâché instead of designing carburetion and combustion systems that would completely burn the gasoline in the engine. The refiners, in their turn, said they could produce fuel to any specification the automakers wanted.

The story goes on and on. And it's easy to see from what's happening that the problem is appreciated only by those engineers and scientists who have read countless articles and recent studies in technical journals which prove that lead can and should stay in gasoline.

Impossible Situation

To compare the leaded and unleaded gasoline situation it is necessary to reveal never-publicized developments in automotive engine design intended to cut down pollution emissions with leaded gasoline. Current engine modifications have made a significant contribution to cutting down pollutants. Some divisions of General Motors advertise 1972 models which produce significantly less of the three auto pollutants *without* the use of catalytic mufflers. No one asks why this wasn't done years ago.

A catalytic muffler was developed several years ago and tested by the Federal Government as recently as 1969. The test showed that the emissions met future federal standards using leaded gasolines. The features of this muffler are a cost of, get this, about $60, approximately one-tenth the cost of those being proposed by the lead-out boys, and an effective life of ten thousand miles using fully leaded gasoline (one year to the average motorist).

In addition, engine modifications made by Ethyl Corporation, Dupont and Mobil have shown that Detroit can meet 1975 emission standards using leaded gasoline. These modifications encompass a wide range of principles including carburetion, ignition, recycling exhaust gases and thermal after-burners. These approaches have been ignored by Detroit.

Having shown that clean air can be had with leaded gasoline, let's compare what happens if we leave the lead in or take it out. First, the simplest, leaving it in, or most of it anyway. There would be no significant change in the cost of fuel; some cutback in lead content would probably be desirable to eliminate deposits on pollution-abatement devices. The TEL manufacturers would feel the pinch but if the lead were brought to a lower level in stages, the cutback would be partially offset by increasing volumes of motor fuel sold.

Automobile prices would increase somewhat as a result of the modifications. It seems ludicrous for the driving public to have to pay for retooling and manufacturing modifications that are probably less complicated than the addition of rear fins, but it would be naïve to expect Detroit to absorb any of the cost. In general it could be said that pollution control with lead in the gasoline would not jolt anyone financially.

Not so with unleaded gasoline. The refiners would be forced to revamp their refinery operations to produce unleaded fuels. The major modification would be a dramatic expansion in catalytic reforming within the refinery. This is a process that takes simple chemicals present in the gasoline and changes them to aromatic hydrocarbons (remember those nasty chemicals mentioned earlier). The job of keeping knock to a minimum will be taken over by the aromatics if lead is removed. These refinery modifications, it is estimated, would cost in excess of $6.5 billion. Or, in more understandable terms, about 5 cents per gallon to you and me at the pump. So what? you say, it's worth it to clean up the air. The new mufflers will convert the aromatics to harmless gases. True. However, plenty of the aromatics will find their way into the atmosphere just by evaporation from the gas tank and the carburetor. Even at proposed octane levels of 91, there will be enough of the evaporation to make our air dirtier than it is now, and tests on engines running on low-octane unleaded gasolines for a period of about five years indicate an increase in octane is required. This would throw more aromatics into the air, creating an impossible environmental situation. And don't forget, that extra nickel was for a lower octane gasoline than you are presently using. That means fewer miles per gallon.

Effects on Industry

But that's not all dirtier air is going to cost you. Tests have shown that engine valves will burn out faster with the loss of the coating and lubricating effect lead has on engines.

Some refiners hope that the engine problems created by removing lead can be alleviated with other chemical additives. Automobile producers are hoping to develop alternative valve materials that will solve the valve problem inexpensively. But meanwhile, we're the ones who are going to pay.

Lead removal will have a considerable impact on industry. Much of the motoring public depends on small local refineries to supply it with motor fuels. These smaller refiners, with fewer financial resources, will either have to close down their operations, or sell out to larger refineries. This means distribution problems for the large refiner and a consequent increase in the price of gasoline.

In addition, companies supplying raw materials for ethyl-lead production and lead-related gasoline additives will suffer. Ethylene dibromide production in the U.S. is 230 million pounds per year, virtually all going into gasoline. This industry will be wiped out completely. Tricresyl phosphate, used to remove lead deposits, will also lose its market. Lead will lose 20 per cent of its market and the sodium industry will lose a 230 million pound per year outlet. On the other hand—the alternate solution—catalytic pollution abatement devices on auto exhaust systems could easily amount to a new $500-million per year market for catalysts, a market that the consumer will be paying for directly. □

Arthur Gerunda, a chemical engineer, is vice president and technical director of Merlin Industries, Inc.

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A STUDY IN REGRESSION

From Weber to Reich

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

THE GREATEST NAME in German idealistic philosophy is that of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770-1831), according to whose magnificent scheme all reality is the outworking of the Spirit. This takes place, Hegel taught, according to a process called the dialectic, in which a thesis calls forth its own antithesis. The two combine to form a synthesis, which in turn becomes the new thesis in the next stage of the process. What Hegel saw as a spiritual process, Karl Marx conceived in materialistic terms: All history, all human thought, even philosophy and religion, is the product of a dialectic of material forces.

To put Marx's idea into his nineteenth-century setting, it means that the Christian religion is the byproduct and has become the handmaiden of an economic system. The oppressive economic structure which produced religion now uses it as "opium for the people," a drug to keep them subservient to their exploiters with promises of "pie in the sky, by and by." There are many ways of dealing with this charge, one of them being *tu quoque, frater*: Isn't Marxist philosophy itself opium for the exploited Communist masses? A more dramatic reversal was attempted by Max Weber (1864-1920), one of the pioneers of modern sociology, in his epoch-making work, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* (1904-1905). Weber was neither a Christian nor a capitalist, but he was a remarkable practitioner of scholarly objectivity in the best German tradition. As a result, his reader does not have the feeling that Weber's work is marred by any onus of hostility to the phenomena he describes and analyzes. Weber seems to respect both the accomplishments of capitalism and the stern if gloomy vigor of Calvinism (as he understands it).

The same is certainly not true of his popularizer, the English scholar R. H. Tawney, nor of most of those who have carried on the discussion after him. Tawney dedicated *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, which has become a standard textbook for college students, to Bishop Charles Gore, a leading Anglo-Catholic theologian. It refines and qualifies Weber's thesis. Where the German freethinker thought that Calvinists were obsessed by the doctrine of predestination and driven to ever greater capitalistic accomplishments in their zeal to persuade themselves that God's blessing rested on them, the English Christian claimed that the significant thing was Calvin's secularization of religious energy and his idea that God calls us to a life of purposeful activity in this world. But Tawney considered capitalism cruel and Calvinism a secularistic heresy.

WEBER TOOK pains to free capitalism, as he understood it, from the charge that it is based primarily on greed. As he pointed out, greed has been present in every human society, but only one has produced modern capitalism. Weber thought that the spirit of capitalism was essentially unselfish, intent on building an ever more productive and efficient economic system with no immediate concern for personal profit except as a byproduct. He coined the term "worldly asceticism" to describe the temper of men who dealt with tremendous sums of money and vast enterprises, but spent relatively little on themselves and their personal pleasures.

Tawney did not share this view—or illusion—about the unselfishness and asceticism of the typical capitalist, although he admitted that it may have characterized the earliest examples of the breed. He saw capitalists, as most modern thinkers do, as essentially greedy and self-seeking. Thus in popularizing Weber's idea that capitalism depends upon Protestantism, Tawney changed the image from Weber's godly capitalism to a godless (if often hypocritical) system; this image has been dominant ever since.

Tawney, although a committed Christian, was not a theologian. Following him, we find a number of Christian theologians opting for one form or another of socialism. In 1944, Reinhold Niebuhr compared capitalist liberal democracy unfavorably with Marxism. Like so many more recent theologians, he gave Marxism credit for genuinely desiring equality and social justice, although he admitted that its record is bad (*The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness*, 1944). Paul Tillich, too, was a kind of religious socialist. Such men desired socialism because of its egalitarian program, but they retained enough Christian realism to recognize that any system worked out by human beings will have a strong inclination toward injustice and tyranny. Hence they wanted a kind of religiously chastened socialism, a government led by men without absolutist delusions and aware that they and their system would have to answer to God. Niebuhr seems to have thought of this divine accounting in more literal terms than Tillich, but both of them, like many others, feared any state that renounces the concept that its authority is delegated and limited by God. Their answer to godless capitalism was godly socialism.

Niebuhr, Tillich and other men of similar convictions flourished in America during and after World War II. In America, they saw a capitalism that seemed to be becoming constantly more godless, and they could take scant satisfaction in a Britain where socialism gave very little evidence of becoming godly. As these giants of the 1930s to 1950s passed from the scene, the theology they espoused—loosely called "dialectical," "neo-orthodox," or "theology of crisis"—also faded, to be replaced by a number of other movements, including both the short-lived "God is dead" fad and the more durable "secular theology" or "theology of revolution." (Of course, in both Protestant and Catholic circles more traditional or orthodox theology continues strong, but receives less attention from the media.)

Whereas Niebuhr and his friends wanted a socialism which would acknowledge God as it sought to fulfill divine standards of social justice, their successors in the theological limelight

Mr. Brown, who returned to the States some months ago after several years in Switzerland, is on the staff of Christianity Today.

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hit on the idea that socialism, Communism and even revolution are somehow bringing about the kingdom of God, even though such movements do not acknowledge him and may in fact be engaged in trying to eradicate religion. Thus Harvey G. Cox, in *The Secular City* (1965) urges us to see in Communist city-building a "sign of the Kingdom." The World Council of Churches has been energetic in blessing the cause of revolutionaries, including Communist ones, and in channeling funds to revolutionary organizations in various places (ostensibly for educational materials and other benevolent uses). The distinction, of course, is that the religious socialists thought that socialism would have to acknowledge God in some way in order to serve him, whereas the more modern religious revolutionaries seem to think that revolution, as long as it proclaims humanitarian ideals, is per se the service of God, no matter how ungodly its theoretical principles and its practical methods may be. (This was exactly the position taken in the 1930s by the "German Christians," who saw Hitler as God's agent to create a new world order, but very few of the theologians of revolution recognize this melancholy parallel.)

Weber thought that Calvinism gave its adherents both the impulse to organize secular economic life rationally and an adequate motivation to do so, i.e., the transcendent goal of the service of God. Tawney accepted the analysis, but felt that the rational economic process aimed at efficiency had gone too far, resulting in exploitation, and needed to be restrained by re-introducing otherworldly religious values: He wanted life to be made more sacramental. The theologians of revolution agree that the rational process of *capitalism* is exploitative, but deny that it can be humanized. It must be destroyed at all costs. They overlook the obvious fact that Communism too rationally organizes society, indeed far more ruthlessly than capitalism, and exploits men and women to achieve its own ends, not theirs. They have removed the religious justification which Weber, by implication at least, gave to capitalism, and have applied it with less reason to Communism, for they do not deny Communism's explicitly anti-religious spirit.

Last—but surely not least—among the theologians of revolution, we must count Charles A. Reich. Although his *Greening of America* explicitly repudiates the Judaeo-Christian ethic and the Christian religion, he certainly has something in common with those Christian writers who see an advancing Communist revolution as the dawn of a messianic age. Reich agrees with them in his unqualified moral condemnation of the existing, more or less capitalistic social and economic order of the free West, and in his dream that its destruction will usher in a new era of love and self-fulfillment. Many readers have spotted the incredible naïveté, if not self-delusion, inherent in such hopes in both Marx and Reich, but not all have identified the common thread.

"It all began the day I went down to pick up my welfare check and they made me take a lousy job and . . ."

TAWNEY CONDEMNED capitalism, but as a *religious* socialist he had no illusions about socialist man's ability to create a perfect world order. Even the socialist must live with his eye on the coming divine judgment, and must try to make decisions in this life which will not merit God's condemnation on that day. Via the existentialist theologians, who stressed that the judgment of God is "here and now," in the moment of confrontation with God's word or message, the theologians of revolution abandoned all sense of a coming divine judgment. They retain their awareness of the moral brokenness of the present order, but what they do not or will not recognize is that *any* future order created by man will be morally deficient. What is dangerous about this attitude is not the condemnation of present abuses or the desire for a new order, but the delusion that they and their friends can in effect carry out the future judgment of God here and now: They issue a total condemnation of the present structures (or at least of those of the free world) and a total canonization, in advance, of the world which will rise out of the revolutionary ashes.

Weber contradicted Marx's view that philosophy and theology are byproducts of a materialistic process, and taught that men's spiritual commitments in effect create their economic order. In this respect Reich, although he speaks of himself as a Marxist, also contradicts Marx, for he too sees "consciousness" as molding material reality. For Weber, however, this shaping was a rational, conscious process; for Reich it is irrational, unconscious, almost organic. Weber saw the rational minds of men, spurred by an explicit vision of the purpose of a personal God, working rationally and systematically. Reich, by contrast, believes that his

(Continues on page 810)

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Regulating the Regulators

LET US SAY you are in the business of selling sandwiches. You are an honorable man and there is nothing dishonorable in selling sandwiches. A few years ago, we all know, a petty handful of unscrupulous operators sold inedible and even poisonous sandwiches, and as a result the Federal Government established the Civil Sandwich Authority pursuant to the provisions of the Civil Sandwich Act of 1938. You, being an honest gent, were permitted (with a few friends) to stay in business. No one else has been able to get into the sandwich business since 1938. You are a member of a cartel. Congratulations!

But there are problems even then. The Civil Sandwich Act of 1938 announced that it is in the public interest that sandwiches be generally available at a fixed price. This has meant, in practice, that you must sell sandwiches at three in the morning for the same price you get for sandwiches during the noon rush hour. There can be no great astonishment when you discover that very few people are looking for sandwiches at three in the morning and a great army of them desire them at noontime. Nevertheless the Civil Sandwich Authority has decreed: Thou Shalt Deal with an Even Hand, and in practice this means that what you sell for x dollars at three in the morning you must sell for x dollars at noon also.

In practice this, in turn, has meant that you must charge a price at noontime that will take care of the losses you are running with your sandwich sales at 3 A.M. You don't want to increase your service at noontime even though the demand for it is obvious, because if you increased your noontime service you would find the Civil Sandwich Authority requiring you to increase your service equally at 3 A.M., which is a bore and also a financial disaster. You sell enough, year by year, to stay in business. You sell, in actual fact, one-half.

It is time to stop pretending, and time to say the real names. We are talking about the scheduled airlines. Freedom was their operating environment until the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938. That law "established" those airlines already functioning and has made it impossible for one single major airline to get into the "club" since then. That law found it to be in the public interest to fly day and night, offering tickets for the same price regardless of the time. Experience has shown that most people prefer to travel in broad daylight. The odd-hours seats are empty. The rush-hour seats are full. The airlines, as a group, are flying airplanes with half of the seats empty.

For each passenger this means that the price of his ticket could be cut in half if only a small amount of rationality were permitted to enter the picture. Rationality has indeed tried to raise its beautiful head by inventing the circumlocution called "group" fares. If you can get a group together, and sell a planeload rather than a seat, you can buy the economics of airline travel rather than the economics of bureaucratic regulation: You can get it half price. A lot of people have learned this, and they have formed "Clubs," and they are traveling at the rates that would be charged by your friendly local sandwichmaker if he weren't regulated by Washington. The airlines resist this movement, as you might expect.

The Civil Sandwich Authority (excuse me, I should have said the Civil Aeronautics Board)—(fine archaic word, aeronautics)—the Civil Aeronautics Board has attempted to protect the interests of the "grandfather" airlines by restricting the use of "planeload" fares. In order to qualify for a group fare, you must join the group x months before the journey, or show evidence of consanguinity, or be able to repeat the oath of allegiance in Hindi. . . . The requirements are perverse. Why should a federal agent *require* you to show your ability to perform a certain song and dance before he *permits* you to buy something that the seller would be perfectly happy to sell you at the price known, and that you would be perfectly happy to buy at the same price? If homosexual acts are to be permitted between consenting adults, why shouldn't consenting adults be permitted to sell and buy airplane tickets?

And then there is the ancient inability of the airlines to understand what they are doing. They are producing a wholesale item—i.e., planeloads. It is up to others to sell the item in retail lots, i.e., seats, or tickets. The strongest part of every airline is its ability to keep a fleet of planes moving. The weakest point of each airline is its selling effort. The airlines are wholesalers, not retailers, and it is high time they and the CAB understood so.

Here is a perfect example, I think, of the problems created when a bureaucratic procedure is substituted for a free-market procedure. We now have airline tickets going for twice the price they should (thanks to the federal requirement that makes daytime travelers in full planes pay for empty seats in midnight flights), and we have federal agencies forbidding the wholesaling of airline passage unless certain completely irrelevant criteria are met.

THE SOCIALIST case is based mainly on the idea that central direction of production, marketing, selling and pricing will result in the best service to the greatest number. Great numbers are ready and willing to pay the cost of a group-fare ticket on airlines, but the governmental agencies (the socialized agencies) refuse to permit the people to have their way. Who gains?

The regulators gain. Who stands above them, to make sure that their profits are not exploitative? When the salary of a CAB member exceeds the salary of the president of an airline, who is truly the boss?

Next time you can't get a seat, next time you are bumped even though your reservation had been confirmed, next time the system breaks down—whom shall you blame? Private enterprise? Or bureaucratic-socialistic-political regulation? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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BOOKS

The Middle of the Journey

On the Democratic Idea in America
By Irving Kristol
Harper, 149 pp., $5

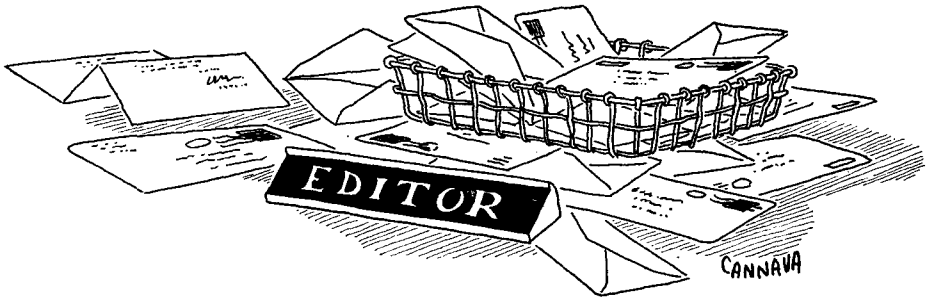
M. STANTON EVANS

As everyone knows, the liberal consensus in American political thought has pretty well collapsed. Liberalism is still out there, of course, in the universities, the media, the bureaucratic structures, a corporeal presence not soon likely to depart. But the philosophic view which gave rise to all this worldly power, the pat coherence of an orthodoxy in full vigor, is a thing of the past. Liberal things have fallen apart; the vital center will not hold.

The rise of the campus Left in fierce antagonism toward its elders is the most celebrated and most dangerous symptom of this process, but in the perspective of time it may not be the most important. History could well record that an entirely different phase of the liberal fragmentation has had an immensely greater impact. This is the quiet maneuver by which a portion of the liberal intelligentsia has broken away in the opposite direction and—to suggest a complicated phenomenon in a simple phrase—has been drifting steadily to the right.

For a decade and more, a small but growing number of liberal spokesmen have been carefully reviewing old positions, questioning the outcome of liberal social programs, and raising anew the theoretical questions at the basis of all politics: the nature of man, the purpose of the civil order, the ends of life itself. The results of this activity have been quite naturally mixed, but its importance is only in part a matter of conclusions, which are usually transitional in nature; much more to the point is that the process is occurring at all—that the mind-set has been broken and questions a generation of educated Americans were taught to think of as forever closed are once more up for serious discussion.

AMONG THE scholars and polemicists who have attempted this re-evaluation, none will better repay attention than Irving Kristol, former editor of the *Reporter* and *Encounter*, and co-editor with Daniel Bell of that most informative quarterly, the *Public Interest*. In the volume before us, Kristol brings together a group of eight essays he has published in recent years—revolving about the theme of social and intellectual disorder. His dominant concern is the manner in which prevailing notions of impulse-release and ego gratification appear to threaten the foundations of society. It is under this aspect that he comments on such divergent subjects as drugs, pornography, majoritarianism, free-market capitalism and the distress of the universities.



The spectacle of pandemic disorder causes Kristol to re-examine and reject the standard liberal doctrines on matters of epistemology and ethics—that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, moral right a matter of opinion, and political right whatever commends itself to 50.1 per cent of the electorate. Such ideas, he concludes, sound very well in liberated theory, but are ultimately subversive of the good society. In their place must be substituted some non-negotiable standards of virtue and justice. Mill and Bentham are thus repudiated in favor of implicit stress on classical natural law. Here is flight from liberalism indeed.

THERE IS MUCH good sense in this discussion—most especially its condign rejection of subjectivist ethics and its statement that civil society cannot exist without an axiom of life superior to the sway of impulse. Kristol has discerned the fallacy of received assumptions about the glories of instinctual man, the plasticity of human nature and the need for inventing society anew at every generational milepost. Such conceptions, he says, have brought us to the verge of social dissolution and must be combated through traditional notions of legitimacy and deployment of the civil power in service to moral teaching. Order must be restored.

But where, we may ask, is the principle of order to be discovered? Some conservatives, including this one, will disagree in part with Kristol's formulation. Although his statements are generally quite tentative, he appears to see the order-freedom problem in antinomian terms—more freedom or more order, but not both. He perceives the liberal ethic as favoring freedom at the expense of order, and takes his position

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: The Ellsberg book is called *Papers on the War* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95; paper, $2.95). . . . Mary McCarthy has a new paperback on the trial of *Medina* (Harcourt, $2.45).

■ AUGUST BOOKS. *Bonnie Prince Charlie* is a new life by Moray McLaren (Saturday Review Press, $6.95). . . . Czech writer/film director Pavel Kohout depicts his country's travail in *From the Diary of a Counterrevolutionary* (McGraw-Hill, $8.95). . . . Billed as an exposé is Michael Dorman's *The Incredible George Wallace* (Harper's Magazine Press, $7.95). . . . Quincy Howe's *Ashes of Victory* is a New Dealish study of World War II and its aftermath (Simon & Schuster, $12.50). . . . Even Ben Bagdikian of the *Washington Post* has some reservations about the press, spells out his criticisms in *The Effete Conspiracy: And Other Crimes by the Press* (Harper, $6.75). . . . Alistair MacLean's life of *Captain Cook* has 63 photos (Doubleday, $9.95).

■ WHO IS AYN GALT? Albert (*Godfather*) Ruddy has bought film rights to *Atlas Shrugged*, agreeing to give author Ayn Rand the right to okay the script. "If all those concerned do their best—as we intend to—the cultural consequences will be incalculable," opines Miss Rand.

■ FALL SPORTS BOOKS. Gerald Eskenazi writes about strategy in *The Thinking Man's Guide to Pro Hockey* (Dutton, $6.95, Oct.). From the same house, *Stop-Action* is the autobiography of Bear linebacker Dick Butkus ($6.95, Sept.). . . . Irving Leitner's *Baseball* is a history (Criterion, $9.95, Aug.). . . . Bob Griese and Gale Sayers collaborate for Atheneum on *Offensive Football* ($4.95, Sept.). . . . Redskin coach George Allen is profiled in *The Future Is Now* by Bill Gildea and Kenneth Turan (Houghton, $6.95, Oct.). For the same house, *Times*man Joseph Durso assembles an illustrated chronicle of *Yankee Stadium: Fifty Glorious Years* ($12.50 till Jan. 1, then $15; Nov.). . . . Mike Curtis and William H. Gilbert defend pro football in *Man in the Middle* (Lippincott, $6.95, Oct.). . . . *Jack Dempsey* is a bio by the late Nat Fleischer, former editor of *Ring* (Arlington, $8.95, Oct.). . . . *The Ice House Gang* is a portrait of the 1970-71 Black Hawks by Chandler W. Sterling (Scribners, $6.95, Sept.).

■ OFFBEAT SCHOOLING. Over fifty new types of school and new educational techniques get brief rundowns in *A Consumer's Guide to Educational Innovations* by Mortimer Smith, Richard Peck and George Weber (Council for Basic Education, 725 15th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; $2.50, paper).

on the other side of the matter. That he should hold such a view is not surprising, since it is common to the liberals he is leaving and the Greek tradition to which he is so obviously gravitating. For different reasons, each assumes that ethical order is something mediated by a political state whose business is the propagation of virtue.

There is, however, another tradition which resolves the problem in a different way, asserting that order and freedom are reciprocals and not opposites, that appreciation of the one implies the conservation of the other. This is the view of the Judaeo-Christian tradition which holds that ethical judgment enters society through a source of awareness—prophets, church, Scripture—which is independent of the secular state and limits that state to the policing of externals. It is this combination of ideas which gives rise to the uniquely Western conception of a volitional order which is both free and ethically coherent.

The idea of a spontaneous market order in the realm of economics is a kind of secularized version of this non-Greek conception, and while Kristol is correct in saying that such a mechanism is hardly sufficient for all the purposes of life, he is incorrect, I think, in suggesting its volitional harmony must yield to external definitions of worth and privilege. He is on sounder footing when he argues that freedom depends on moral rigor, which is implicit recognition of the fact that liberty and order are, properly viewed, correlative and not opposed. On net impression, these essays are a major step toward recovery of that forgotten truth. □

M. Stanton Evans *is editor of the* Indianapolis News *and chairman of the ACU. . . .* **Jeffrey Hart** *is a senior editor of* NR. . . . **S. K. Oberbeck** *is associate editor of* Newsweek. . . . **Murray N. Rothbard** *is the leading U.S. libertarian economist. . . .* **William E. Ratliff** *is on the staff of the Hoover Institution.*

The Nick Adams Stories
By Ernest Hemingway, edited by Philip Young
Scribners, 268 pp., $7.95

VINTAGE HEMINGWAY

JEFFREY HART

This is an important book, but also an ambiguous one. Philip Young, one of our ablest critics and/or scholars where Hemingway is concerned, has had access to the unpublished manuscripts, and finding among them a good deal of early Hemingway material dealing with Nick Adams—the first and, in my opinion, the most important of the Hemingway protagonists—decided to bring together the published and the unpublished material in a single volume. What Young wants to construct, really, is a novel Hemingway never wrote, the development of Nick, from child dependent upon his father to adolescent experimenter with experience, soldier, writer and parent.

Let us list the pluses in this enterprise. First, there is the unpublished material Young has found among the manuscripts. Young prints all of this in italics, placing it in what he conceives to be its proper chronological location in Nick's life. The major find is the uncompleted seventy-page novelette which Young entitles "The Last Good Country." Contrary to what the initial reviewers of this collection have thought, this story is early and vintage Hemingway, and—not to argue the case here—for those who consider Hemingway a major writer, an important work. It does not even matter that the story is unfinished. The great themes are there, unrefined and uncriticized, but revealing the sources of energy. An adolescent Nick has violated the game laws; he is being pursued by a couple of Snopesish game wardens; and he lights out for the secret country, the places he knows and no one else does. Half-willingly, he takes his younger sister along with him, "Littlest" as he calls her.

It is a tremendous narrative, from the first lines on, and all of Hemingway's power is present to suggest the deeper emotions and meanings beneath the simplest statements. With these opening lines, we are really back in the Hemingway world: "Nickie," his sister

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said to him. "Listen to me Nickie." "I don't want to hear it." What he does not want to hear is the thing he actually knows, that the game wardens, the killers, the machine-gun bullets, and all the physical threats, but, above all the psychological threats—fear, madness, meaninglessness, the desire for suicide—are, now, palpably, after him.

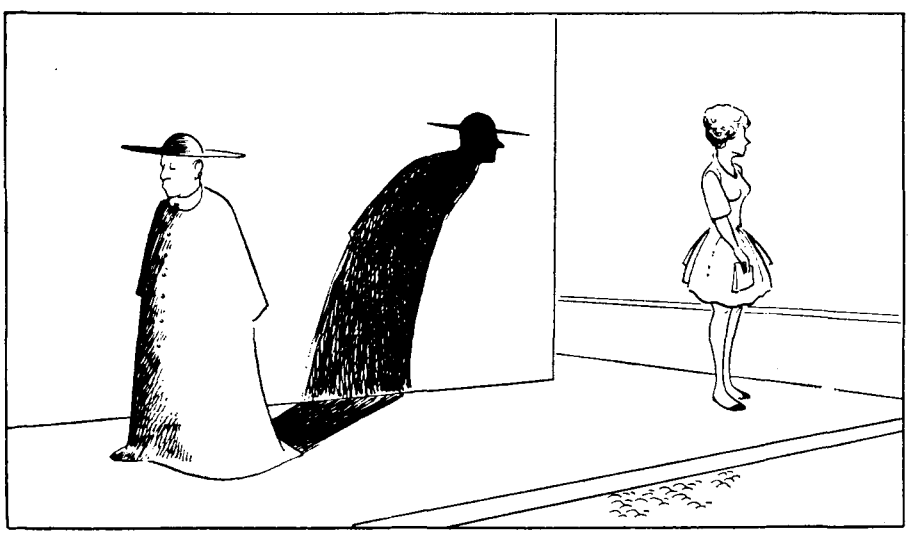
HEMINGWAY SCATTERED his Nick Adams stories through his various volumes of short stories. When you put them together, what they amount to is the premise of the entire Hemingway enterprise. In the very first published Nick Adams story, "Indian Camp," suicide is "up" as an option. Nick notices how his father, a surgeon, deals with horror—through discipline and professional skill. In that story Nick still feels safe, but soon he is on his own, trying to construct his own analogues to his father's skills. The real climax of this entire sequence is the famous story "Big Two-Hearted River," in which Nick, shattered by we know not what, but presumably by his experience in the war, begins to put himself back together again by constructing in his fishing expertise an analogue of his father's emotional control in "Indian Camp."

But if it is good to have the Nick Adams stories all together in this volume, it is also not altogether desirable that they should be perceived this way, out of their original context. In many cases that original context is all-important. Most of the Nick Adams stories first appeared in *In Our Time*, Hemingway's first volume, which is not just a collection of stories, but a very carefully arranged artistic whole. The stories gain immeasurably in significance from their exact situation in this volume. "Indian Camp" or "Big Two-Hearted River" or "The Battler" do not *mean* the same thing in Young's collection as they do in Hemingway's.

One example must suffice. In "The Battler," Nick Adams, presumably an adolescent, is off to see the country for himself. As the story opens, he has been surprised while riding illegally on a freight train and punched in the eye by a brakeman, who knocks him off the train into the ditch. The first sentence of the story is, "Nick stood up." But it illuminates this sentence if you turn to the previous vignette, which concerns the execution of "six cabinet ministers," very vividly described. None of them "stands up." And if you go to the vignette which Hemingway placed after "The Battler," in which Nick is wounded in the spine during the war, you understand that Nick stood up when hit by the brakeman, but that he will not always stand up, that the wound will be more and more serious, until he will stay down. How he faces this growing knowledge is the point, and while it is sharpened by Hemingway's arrangement, it is vitiated, to a degree, by Young's displacement of the stories to his own context.

There is one shockeroo in Young's arrangement of the Nick material, for which he offers no explanation. He places the clearly adolescent stories "The End of Something" and "The Three-Day Blow" after the war in Nick's development. But it is obvious in the first one that a very young Nick is rejecting domesticity and choosing "experience," and in the second, that he has sought out, in Bill, the first of his many surrogate "fathers." The Nick who comes back from the war knows much more than the Nick we meet here.

But when all has been said, it is good to have the new material, it is good to have the stories all together in one volume, and we who are committed to Hemingway in one fashion or another can be grateful to Philip Young. □



Vadillo, *Siempre*, Mexico — Ben Roth Agency

Celibate Clergy

The Case History of Comrade V
By James Park Sloan
Houghton, 148 pp., $4.95

The Girl from Petrovka
By George Feifer
Viking, 252 pp., $6.95

NOVELISTS TELL TALES

S. K. OBERBECK

Hapless people caught in systems in which they had no making are the themes of these two novels about Russia; both in their ways tell us something slightly different about how the Soviet citizen copes with his burden. Comrade V is a poor guy whose fate suggests Zhores Medvedev's. He's sitting in one of those asylums where the Soviets lock up their dissidents (can we still say that?), discussing his psychic past with a computer. V was a brilliant mathematician whose lofty theoretical principles got him into trouble. He wrote a "minority report" when some higher-up questioned the numbers on his barley harvest forecast, insisting, despite *official* cajolery, that his figures were right. Later, he is horrified enough by his rash act to have himself committed —or possibly he was kidnaped by a bunch of thugs who ransacked his office for his secret opus magnum.

We never quite know; along with the obvious Kafka feeling, author Sloan gives us something like (but better than) Robbe-Grillet in the USSR. Who is sane in this society? Who is real? Sloan, who does not answer these questions with philosophical or ideological simplicity, has a wonderful way with the bureaucratic and academic rhetoric;

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his keenly honed pedantry is hilarious at times ("Tenure being what it is, a universal system not mindful of insanity, there was no question of revoking his professorship."), and his narration of V's ordeals is very clever and very cool.

The hospital shrink assigned to V, it transpires, writes some of the book, perhaps all of it, maybe none of it. He tries ridding V of his "illusory faith in mathematics" and, when unsuccessful, blithely concludes: "Thus it became necessary to invalidate mathematics itself." These are old, Queen-of-Hearts observations about the mad-hatterism of the USSR, but Sloan goes farther. The shrink tells us that V is actually not a crack intellectual at all, but a factory worker with a grand illusion. Or, by the end of the book, both the real and/or unreal V may be the psychiatrist himself, who is either going bonkers or proving a brilliant, new theory. It sounds, I realize, positively exasperating, but it isn't. Sloan's book is far deeper than mere indictment, probing the entire crumbling structure of man's sanity and individuality in a totalitarian condition—and it's funny to boot.

GEORGE FEIFER, who wrote a good book about the Soviet legal system around ten years ago, is a charming Moscow hand with a real love for its people. His novel does for the city what Christopher Isherwood's stories did for Berlin. In fact, his Sally Bowles (with a little Zsa Zsa and a lot of Sabrina . . . the Audrey Hepburn Sabrina . . . thrown in) reminds one of the Isherwood heroine. She's cheeky, sly, a lovable loser, fighting the tides for Western cosmetics and any little favors she can wangle as she tries the big swim in the world's greyest bathtub. Her Brian is a guy named Georges—Zhores—a middle-aged journalist who suffers her excesses with fatherly fondness, his problem being not homosexuality but a good old respectable divorce.

Oktyabrina is like myriad street-sly shopgirls hustling their way through life—where hustling is some endeavor. She cadges and cajoles; picks up one "lover" after another, always one step ahead of the police since she has no permit to reside in Moscow. She is Moscow's version of a highly motivated, underfed hippie—since Moscow's hippies are about twenty years behind the times. Feifer manages to pack in a great amount of Moscow lore, the sights and sounds, the way people in various echelons live, just by following Oktyabrina on her snits and romances. He has respect for people who can salvage a sense of humor from the humdrum hustle.

The characters are pretty unsurprising at first, but Feifer builds them with obvious knowledge: a bureaucratic smoothie who lives for vodka and young girls; an Armenian agriculture minister who is romancing Oktyabrina; a mom-smothered young Communist paramour; a plug-ugly, rock-dumb army officer who woos her. Feifer's book is a good journalist's book rather than a good novelist's book, but at least he's been there, smelled the sweat and fish, realized the tails that followed him and the little folks who informed on him, talked to the people who wear their burden with a touch of national pride and found some sort of brave elixir in the people. The system he is careful about, and while he understands the Russians' efforts to abide it, he has a good grasp of their root problems, which a package of Gillette Blue Blades or a pack of Camels can't always solve. □

Freedom and the Law
By Bruno Leoni
Nash, 204 pp., $7.50

FREE LAW IN A FREE SOCIETY

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

The conventional modern theory of law and the state holds that in order to have law one must have centralized government: a legislature to "make" the law; an executive to enforce it; a judiciary to interpret it. But this means that the ultimate source of law is the legislature, and since the legislature sits as a permanent body, the source of law can only be the ever-shifting whims and caprice of a changing body of legislative members. F. A. Hayek is only the most recent of a long line of conservative theorists who have placed great importance on the *certainty* of law as a vital part of the "Rule of Law"; and yet, as the late Bruno Leoni points out in this extraordinarily important book, no approach to certainty can be achieved when legislatures can, and do, change the law at any time that the spirit moves them.

As Leoni puts it, "the fact that rules are issued by parliaments . . . [means that] the present law may be replaced at any moment by a subsequent law. The more intense and accelerated is the process of law-making, the more uncertain will it be that present legislation will last for any length of time." To rely on parliaments to provide a stable body of law is therefore to rely on a weak and shifting reed, as the recent history of legislative law should have made all too apparent.

The modern advent of democracy has only aggravated the problem. In the first place, the tenure of legislators has become briefer and more unstable. But secondly, the aggrandizement of the fallacious concept of "representation" has given more and more power to elite groups in control of government, and less and less freedom to the individual citizen. As Leoni points out, "representation" in earlier centuries was far closer to the genuine representation of individual agency in the free market; legislative bodies were governed not so much by majority rule as by concurrent consent by the minority groups and individuals. In recent centuries, the aggrandizement of government and the legislature over the individual has gone hand in hand with the trampling by the parliamentary majority of the rights of minorities in society.

As a DISTINGUISHED Italian jurist, Bruno Leoni is thoroughly familiar with the keen insights into rule by oligarchy of the great Italian political theorists: Pareto, Mosca and Michels. As Leoni says, it is the Italians who have the deeply realistic saying, *Chi commanda fa la legge*, "Whoever has the power makes the law." And therefore the naïve theory of democracy turns out to be a cloak for oligarchic rule by those who can command the parliament over those whom they are supposed to "represent."

Bruno Leoni was a conservative libertarian deeply concerned for defending the freedom of the individual against burgeoning statism, as well as for establishing a coherent and stable body of law within which that freedom can be retained. If parliament and legislative law can only be a hopeless failure at reconciling freedom and legal order, what then can square the circle?

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Memo to: those NR readers who will be interested!

Re: a new book, "The Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism," which just

has to be the most disastrous book of the year (for liberals, that is!)

This sizzling book -- it's compact enough to read in one long evening but, like a fine wine, you'll want to savour it -- dishes it out unmercifully to that arrogant band of radical "renewers" who have, to the utter astonishment of friend and foe alike, virtually destroyed the traditional Catholic Church (in this country, at least) in less than a single decade.

No, you don't have to be Catholic to relish this incredible book. Perhaps the most interesting fact about it is that author James Hitchcock is one of theirs: he is described as a "liberal historian" teaching at St. Louis Univ., but his indictment of his fellow liberals is so broad, so penetrating -- so just plain devastating -- that almost any conservative should find himself saying "He's right! He's got it just right." I tried to select some choice quotes for you; I decided that, as I *read*, I would turn down the ear of every quotable page. Halfway through the book I realized that I was thumbing down almost every page! (How do you choose between this: "In advanced circles it is now permissible to wear a peace medal but not a crucifix ... to chant Buddhist prayers ritualistically but not to use Latin or say the rosary..." and this "attitude" he attributes to radicals: "After centuries of obscurity, the true meaning of the Gospel is now being discovered by progressives. With rare exceptions, the Church has been unfaithful to the Gospel for at least 1600 years. The Protestant churches, although initially their influence was healthy, have been similarly corrupted through most of their history."

This book will delight, anger and most certainly inform you. I found myself breaking out into indignation one minute and a loud guffaw the next (Hitchcock seems to have saved up every silly statement ever made by the various radical spokesmen!). Of course, being a liberal himself, the author thinks that the renewers just went too far: thus when he points out results of "Aggiornamento" that conservatives would have considered inevitable, he brings a refreshing sense of outrage to it all -- undulled by the awful sorrow-among-the-ruins depression long since felt by most traditionalists.

More, this book is chock full of references, citations and embarrassing quotes from the liberal press (from The New York Times to Commonweal) that provide enough ammunition for a thousand arguments and discussions. You'll love this book, and will want to keep it handy for frequent reference. And you can get your copy right now, just by using the card facing this page to subscribe or renew now (we'll extend your current subscription for one full year from its present expiration date). You pay only the regular $12 rate for National Review, and get this priceless book for a mere $2.95! (The regular retail price is $6.50 -- but I'd be darned surprised if you can even find it in your local bookstore -- so you save $3.55 with this offer.) Use the card facing this page today!

WFB.

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Perhaps the most valuable contribution of this book is that Leoni points to the solution by harking back to the almost-forgotten method by which The Law developed throughout Western civilization until recent times. This method was employed throughout Europe, but it reached its height in the development of the mighty—and largely libertarian—structure of the Anglo-Saxon common law: the method of judge-made, or rather judge-discovered, law.

The general pre-modern pattern of law is that it was *not* created ad hoc by the whims of legislators. It was a structure of generally agreed upon basic principles, arising either from the age-old custom of the tribe or out of the basic requirements for people getting along with each other in society. Any two parties who have a dispute, whether civil or criminal, go to a judge, who then decides the case on the basis of his knowledge and expertise in the law. Thus, the judge *finds* the law, by discovering which parts of the law apply to the particular case, or by applying its basic principles to new technological or institutional conditions. The judge does not have to be, and usually was not, a political hack serving the apparatus of government. The judge was chosen by the disputing parties on the basis of his general reputation for wisdom, integrity and deep knowledge of the law. Hence, his decisions became socially accepted and enforced.

THUS the reconciliation of freedom and the law emerges from the system of pre-modern law: through a method that Leoni demonstrates to be essentially the same as the processes of the free-market economy. Individuals select judges in much the same way as they select lawyers or physicians: through free choice of those who have demonstrated themselves to be the best men available. Legal decisions are made by jurists chosen by individuals to interpret the law, and not by the overriding dictates of majority legislators or ruling oligarchies.

The best and longest-lived parts of our current legal structure were the products of this libertarian, judge-found process: the common law, the law merchant, admiralty law. Leoni could have strengthened his case further by discussing the legal structure of a thousand years of Celtic Ireland, before the English conquest of the seventeenth century. In Ireland, legal decisions were made by individual *filidh*, jurists who were selected by disputants for their wisdom in the customary law, and these *filidh* had no connection with any agencies of enforcement or with anything resembling an apparatus of government.

Bruno Leoni was that modern rarity —a libertarian political scientist and jurist. A professor of legal theory and the theory of the state at the University of Pavia, Leoni was the founder of the quarterly journal, *Il Politico*, and for many years was secretary and then president of the Mont Pelerin Society, an international association of free-market scholars. This book originated as a series of lectures in Claremont, California in 1958, was published in the generally neglected William Volker Fund-Van Nostrand series in 1961, and is now reprinted with a new introduction by the economist Arthur Kemp. Its publication is well-timed to coincide with a growing interest in libertarianism in this country. The book is a fitting memorial to Bruno Leoni, for it points the way out of the modern subjection to despotic statism in the name of law and order; for Leoni demonstrates these virtues are far more readily attainable in a system of free law in a free society. □

Spy for Fidel
By Orlando Castro Hidalgo
E. A. Seemann, 120 pp., $5.95

THE CUBAN NETWORK

WILLIAM E. RATLIFF

In August 1968, to the astonishment and dismay of most of his foreign admirers, Fidel Castro gave his endorsement to the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia. Soviet-Cuban relations, which had appeared to be severely strained only six month before, began to improve so rapidly that many of those admirers, ranging from the French journalist K. S. Karol to the Venezuelan "Castroite" guerrilla Douglas Bravo, soon concluded that Fidel had sold out to the Russians.

In early 1969 a Cuban intelligence officer in Paris came to much the same conclusion and for this and other reasons defected to the United States. His defection was first reported in the *Christian Science Monitor* in July, more than three months after the fact, and much of his testimony to U.S. intelligence officials was there made public for the first time. This defector has now published his autobiography, *Spy for Fidel*, a short account of his life and of the operations of the Cuban intelligence network.

ORLANDO CASTRO HIDALGO (no relation to Fidel) was born in a small village in the Cuban province of Oriente in 1938. He joined the guerrilla forces fighting against Fulgencio Batista in 1957 and during the early years of Fidel Castro's government served in the Revolutionary Armed Forces and the Ministry of the Interior. In 1965 he was recruited into the General Directorate of Intelligence (or DGI after its Spanish initials), loosely speaking, the Cuban counterpart of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. During the next year he held several positions in the DGI in Cuba, joined the Cuban Communist Party, and was chosen to serve abroad. In March 1967, after a period of training in Cuba, he was sent to France as a third secretary in the Paris embassy. In fact his chief assignment in Paris was as an officer for the DGI dealing with revolutionary movements in Latin America. In November 1968 he decided to defect and in March 1969, with his wife, two sons, and the contents of the embassy safe, he fled to the U.S. Embassy in Luxembourg. Castro Hidalgo now is reportedly living in the United States under an assumed name and working in a field totally unrelated to his previous occupation.

Among the topics discussed in this book are the Bay of Pigs invasion, conditions in Cuba during the mid-1960s, Che Guevara's activities in Africa and Bolivia, and the 1967 disappearance of Dominican rebel leader Francisco Caamaño. One of Castro's most important allegations is that the reversal in Soviet-Cuban relations in 1968 and the increasingly close contacts which developed in the years that followed came as a result of a formal agreement signed by Soviet and Cuban leaders.

The main theme of the book, however, aside from the personal experience of the author, is the DGI, its history, organizational structure and current activities. Castro writes on such topics as DGI infiltration of Cuban refugee organizations in the United States, but concentrates on Cuban support for African and Latin American revolutionary movements. According to Castro, the DGI, primarily through its

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Paris office, provided money, false documents, travel arrangements, contacts and intelligence training for revolutionaries from the two continents. (A Cuban intelligence official who defected in London in late 1971 alleged that Santiago is now the base for Cuban support of Latin American revolutionaries, though this was immediately denied by the Chilean government.) Castro Hidalgo maintains that in early 1969, when he defected, the DGI, under increasing Soviet influence, was gaining or had taken control of a variety of government agencies concerned with foreign affairs, ranging from the Foreign Ministry to the Cuban news agency Prensa Latina.

In general Castro appears to limit his commentary to incidents and policies an intelligence officer of his rank could be expected to know, and to the extent that his information can be cross-checked, it appears on the whole to be accurate. It is worth noting, however, that the amount of doubtful or inaccurate information is greater in *Spy for Fidel* than in Castro's October

1969 testimony before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee (published in 1970 as Part Twenty of the series *Communist Threat to the United States through the Caribbean*). In the former Castro is inexplicably misleading or in error at times, as in some of his comments on Guevara and Régis Debray. It would appear that someone (either Castro Hidalgo or one of the "intermediaries" with whom the publisher of the book says he dealt) decided to try to get a little extra propaganda mileage from the book, and these occasional inaccurate statements, a few dramatic rhetorical flourishes, and the sneaky black-cloaked supersleuth peeking out from the cover and title-page are what the reader must put up with as a result.

In spite of these few shortcomings, *Spy for Fidel* is one of the most detailed accounts of any Communist intelligence network published in recent years by a commercial press, and the most complete ever on the DGI. What is more, it is an exciting story and even those who want nothing more than a good spy adventure will find it well worth reading. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NASSER, *by Robert Stephens (Simon & Schuster, 631 pp., $12.50).* Because American interest in the Mideast is recent in origin and passionate in content, most books written by Americans about the Mideast are both superficial and biased. The English and French do better on both counts. Robert Stephens, presently foreign editor of the liberal London Sunday newspaper, the *Observer*, is acquainted with the Mideast by having lived there as a journalist and by many years of studying its history. His "political biography" of Nasser is rather pedestrian in style, but thorough, well-balanced and vastly informative. Although Nasser was often presented in the American press as an irresponsible fanatic or a Communist stooge, he was in truth the outstanding modern leader not only of the world's oldest nation but of the early phase of the Arab renaissance, and one of the most important leaders of the global anticolonial revolution. "Nasserism," with its pragmatic neo-socialism launched by a military elite functioning as a revolutionary vanguard, never became a coherent system in either idea or practice. Nevertheless, many of its features reappear in other developing countries so diverse as Greece, Peru and Nigeria. You can learn much about both Nasser and Nasserism from Mr. Stephens' solid text, ample quotations, relevant maps, detailed index and extensive bibliography. J. BURNHAM

THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM IN THE WAR OF 1939 TO 1945, *by J. C. Masterman (Yale, 203 pp., $6.95).* During World War II the entire German spy apparatus in Great Britain—all of it—was controlled by M.I.5. The story of how this was done and how German agents inside the UK were "run" by their British case officers is intriguingly and delightfully told in the Masterman Report. Sir John Masterman, a famed gamesman and Oxford Vice Chancellor, was himself the chief architect of the XX (Twenty or Double-Cross) Committee. This group had charge of policy and operation of "turned round" German spies. And *all* the German spies on that beleaguered isle were turned round. Masterman and his fellow players (from M.I.6, the Admiralty, Home Defense, the Air Force, the Foreign Office and, later on, SHAEF, among others) used the completely spoiled German network to feed false information to Berlin and to practice petty and grand deceptions right up to the hour of the German surrender. Masterman cites as proof that the German network was completely penetrated documents captured after the war and numerous other pieces of convincing evidence. He warns, however, that complacency or derision of German intelligence is not in order. First, he argues, counterintelligence is easy in wartime while intelligence is difficult (and, conversely, in peacetime intelligence is relatively simple to obtain but counterintelligence is hard to effect). There are numerous lessons, too, for the present period. Societies such as the USSR and China have in peacetime all the aspects of counterintelligence security that Sir John has characterized as typical of the wartime community. W. D. JACOBS

POLITICAL HYSTERIA IN AMERICA, *by Murray B. Levin (Basic Books, 286 pp., $8.50).* Here, one would think, is a book with *meat*. Who among us has not marveled at the national capacity for political hysteria: the hysteria, for example, that followed Douglas MacArthur's suggestion that the Korean War might be won; the hysteria that followed the suggestion that Alger Hiss (and possibly even others in State) might not have the best interests of the nation at heart; the hysteria that followed the resumption of bombing in Southeast Asia; the hysteria that followed the suggestion by Spiro Agnew that the television boys do not tell it completely like it is. But those minor blemishes on the national complexion are not what Levin has in mind. What he is talking about is national *scar tissue*—McCarthy himself, and Agnew and U.S. Steel and the Federalist Party. He is talking about "the deeply felt intolerance that springs from our intense commitment to Americanism, the irrational and compulsive need to defend the assumptions of John Locke and Adam Smith, the antisemitism, the nativism, the anti-intellectualism, the vigilantism, the racism, the xenophobia, the pursuit of self-interest under the guise of superpatriotism and the profound anti-radicalism" which form "the working assumptions of millions of Americans." Levin's book is refreshing in one respect, however: It is not simply an attack by a liberal on conservatives. The predominant American liberalism, Levin concludes, is itself a reinforcer of traditional Americana (albeit with a Keynesian accent). He complains that the predominant liberalism has been unchallenged either by radicalism *or by conservatism*, a truth which much of the "conservative movement" fails to recognize. The truths are too infrequent in this book, however, and the hysteria too prevalent. M. H. EDWARDS

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Arts & Manners

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Oh! Documentary!

Malcolm X's life is a true story of regeneration, of a boy whose father was killed by whites, whose mother was driven insane by poverty and racism, whose brothers and sisters were separated by the state, whose youth degenerated into hustling, crime, indulgence, but who in manhood found first Elijah Muhammad and his Nation of Islam and then, after Elijah proved to be a false prophet, decided that whites weren't all the devils Elijah said they were, and that brotherhood was possible between men of all colors.

Malcolm's *Autobiography* (1964) is as inspiring in its way as the story of Saul of Tarsus, an odyssey of one exceptional man's development from virulent racist into apostle of genuine love. Now that remarkable journey comes to the screen as *Malcolm X*. Narrated by James Earl Jones, but mainly composed of black-and-white clips of Malcolm speechifying and being interviewed, and color clips of Negroes marching, rioting, being hosed down and beaten by cops, the film moved me and the audience of initially somewhat rowdy kids—moved several of us to tears.

Many people deserve credit for this masterpiece: Adapter Arthur Perl, Malcolm's wife, the many people who are seen even for just a few seconds—King, Elijah, Muhammad Ali, Ossie Davis, among them—the voice of Billie Holiday singing "God Bless the Child" and others. But above all: Malcolm (Little) X, an American, a Negro proud of his people, a superlative human being.

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine is a pretentious movie based on Father Berrigan's play, a documentary in feeling but a contrived tearjerker in execution. One takes *Catonsville Nine* as one took last year's *Sacco and Vanzetti* (which Francis Russell reviewed here): You buy it if you buy the message. The brothers Berrigan, as everybody knows, led a group of proto-Ellsbergs into the draft office in Catonsville, Maryland in 1968, to burn draft records. Father Dan's play, and the screenplay he co-authored with Saul Levitt, deal with the court proceedings, positing a Thoreauvian "inner light" against the government's "hideous, unconscionable" war in Vietnam. Since the movie never rises above the occasion to suggest effectively the general question of individual conscience versus the state (though it tries; God knows it tries), one is left simply either accepting this celluloid propaganda piece as Truth, or rejecting it as so much balderdash.

You have, perhaps, seen human genitals? There they are. But outside of outright skin-flicks you will not see them displayed less alluringly than in *Oh! Calcutta!*, which has just breezed into my town (and 99 others across the land) for a three-day run, to test the waters of Police Repression before embarking on a more extended stay in movie houses everywhere. Not that the film version of the stage Happening is unpleasant. It is, on the contrary, mainly a rather delightful spoof of Anglo-Saxon sex habits, sort of like *Laugh-In* carried to the nth degree. Burlesque, if you'd like, in the modern idiom. *Oh! Calcutta!* (the title derives from a saucy French joke which I'd best not repeat here) tantalizes but, oddity of oddities, rarely gets as explicit as its "liberated" suggestions might lead you to expect, and at its best it is wickedly funny. At its worst—which fortunately is less than half the film—it is indescribably boring, the most tedious episode demonstrating its makers' adherence to the *Elvira Madigan* routine; you know, lovely people leaping into each others' arms in a woodsy setting. Only here they're naked. Hot diggety.

BRIEFLY: To miss a Woody Allen flick is like passing up a Hitchcock thriller; the track record is so good that you really shouldn't. But sad to relate, *Play It Again, Sam* is to Allen's *Bananas* as Hitchcock's *The Birds* was to his *North by Northwest*; to wit, inferior. *Sam* is actually dull, its homage to Humphrey Bogart embarrassing, its Woody as Woody wooden. □

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DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Acupuncture, Anyone?

One of the encumbrances of my life is arthritis, which led me to acquire an artificial hip some years ago (an experience I relentlessly shared with you, as some of you may remember). Now, I'm about to get the second new hip, an event I'm looking forward to because the first one was such a success. It will be nice to be able to ramble about again like a middle-aged mountain goat.

While waiting for the operation, I thought it might be worthwhile to see if acupuncture could not help me with the usual arthritis pains. As you know, the Mysterious East has given the world a technique by which you are supposed to be able to prevent pain by inserting thin needles in various parts of the body. It works (has for two thousand years) but since American medicine is suspicious of anything not home-grown, let alone Oriental, the whole thing was held in low esteem until our President went to China and our *New York Times* oracle, Mr. Reston, had acupuncture practiced on him with total success and let the world know.

In Europe, especially in France, acupuncture has been practiced for many years, so it is easy to find a doctor. But over here the qualified practitioners have always kept their knowledge quiet and helped friends only, in order to avoid trouble with the AMA. The New York China Institute is helping to spread the word on acupuncture. This admirable organization, founded by (among others) the Luce family and supported by impeccable Republicans (to judge from the names of the board and members), devotes itself to promoting Chinese culture, and culture only, through lectures, classes and exhibits. One day I noticed in the list of coming lectures one on acupuncture. It occurred to me that the lecturer would need guinea pigs to show how the thing is done, and that by being one, I could safely find out if I like the process. The China Institute, at all times, offers nothing but the best, and Dr. Ni Foo Hsu is a luminary of the art on the West Coast, where he lectures at the University of Washington. Never mind how I did it, but I managed to get myself on Dr. Hsu's list of public exhibits.

To accommodate the members who had bought tickets the China Institute hired the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club, its neighbor on East 65th Street. The place was jammed with men and women of all ages and all degrees of elegance, alive with anticipation. Before the lecture, the good doctor interviewed me and apparently decided that I would be worth a try.

I am in no way qualified to explain acupuncture, so I will skip the lecture and mention only some of the points which struck me. The thinness of the needles, for instance—they make injection needles look thick and clumsy. Their length varies up to eight inches or so, and they are kept in glass vials, stuck into cotton at both ends. Then there are the pressure points, which register connection with the various parts of the body; they are also distributed all over the body. On the arms and legs of volunteers who had come up to the stage, Dr. Ni Foo Hsu showed us how he locates them with

his fingertips, just as any doctor will poke you and ask: Do you feel this?

At the end of the lecture, to my great surprise, I heard Dr. Hsu ask me to come to the platform, on which there was now a low folding bed. Apparently I was to be the first demonstration object. I decided to ignore the literally hundreds of eyes looking at me, and as I was about to go up the two steps, on my canes, a ghastly thought struck me. Would the needles go through my girdle? I had visions of the poor doctor stabbing wildly at a fabric that to serve its purpose, must be reasonably firm, and I knew I could not bear the shame of it. The whole audience was dying to see action, and since I had to disappoint them, I decided I had better tell them why. This I did, and, helped by my husband, I disappeared into the passage, where I shed my girdle in a corner and hid it under a chair. Ungirdled, but dressed, I reappeared in the ballroom. I was invited to stand on the platform, in front of the microphone, and explain why I was there, which I did, after which I laid me down on the folding bed (with difficulty, because I don't bend so good).

BEFORE GOING into the details of acupuncture at the lecture and in the two private sessions I had later with Dr. Ni Foo Hsu, I should say that it helped my pain very considerably, and that after a month has passed, it still works. When you have as deeply ingrained an affliction as I have, a course of acupuncture treatments rather than a few sessions would be needed for total relief (just as with any kind of medicine). Where the pain is not as habitual, as it was in my right arm, which I could not lift, the two private acupuncture sessions which dealt with my arm as well as the hip cured me; I can lift and bend my arm backward again, with hardly any pain.

The funny part of the whole thing is that after a month, I find it difficult to recollect exactly what I felt during the treatments. I was not always aware of the needles puncturing my skin. The ones that I did feel go in gave me a very mild feeling that had nothing in common with the jabbing pain of a hypodermic needle which is stuck into you rather than being gently twisted into the skin. As he eased in the needles, the doctor asked me to tell him when I felt them inside. About five times, I believe, I felt a sharp pain, which went away at once. In no case was it like having a nerve touched by a dentist, or an intravenous injection. Once a needle has reached the proper point, you, or at least I, don't feel it any more; I believe this is the common experience. How long the needles stayed in I cannot say, since I never felt them being pulled out. I was astonished that the whole thing

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should be so painless. (I want to stress that I am a total coward when it comes to pain. I had expected to feel like a lesser St. Sebastian during acupuncture.)

The results? I have described the arm above. As for the hip, I could move my leg much better at once, and it has stayed that way. As for the pain, during the month since acupuncture I have managed to get by on Bufferin and very occasional non-narcotic painkillers rather than the Demerol and similar narcotic knockouts I had been taking since my second hip went bad. I would have liked more acupuncture treatments, but the good doctor left, and what with the operation drawing near, I simply could not take the time to find a reliable replacement.

Acupuncture has worked for me, as it has worked for others. But I implore any of my readers who might feel like trying it to entrust themselves only to an expert recommended to them by their own medical men. □

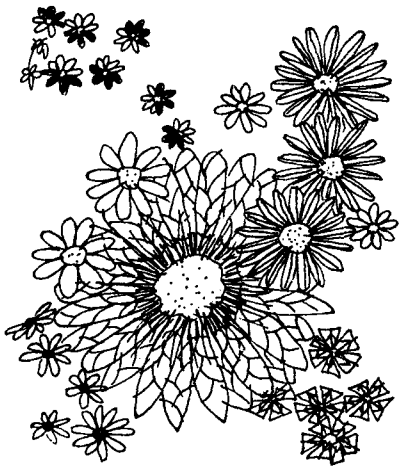
SCENES

BRAD EVANS

Midcult Alfresco

The National Park Service—with Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts—has undertaken a significant departure from smokeythebearism. We may with some justification—always keeping in mind its merits as a *Festspielhaus*—observe its successes and short-comings with an eye to the future course of the arts in this country.

Wolf Trap, located just outside Washington where the Virginia countryside begins to roll in anticipation of mountains to the west, is in its second season this year. Those of us who sampled the native charms of her maiden year find her somewhat despoiled by improvements. There is, for example, the question of the social imperative of picnic tables. In the good old days, people spread quilts beside the rugby match and demurely drank lemonade and ate, one supposes, fried chicken. The introduction of picnic



tables—though I grant it means the ants have further to go to address one's lunch—seems an unwarranted intrusion in the name of false convenience.

You can understand the mixture of displeasure and trepidation with which I approached those bolted-redwood devices I found barring my way to my little stream. My little stream and I are friends from last year. It flows with a turgid tentativeness at the bottom of the hill upon which stands the Filene Center performance shed. After fighting the traffic to the Park, a picnic by my stream is the most relaxing preparation for the music or dance of the evening. I always give my stream the three-eighths of an inch of wine left in the bottom of the bottle.

IF PROGRESS is measured in asphalt—and scarcely anyone denies it—the progress at Wolf Trap is impressive indeed. It is almost as if asphalt had been imbued with a perverse soul by a malevolent force inclined to the suffocation of grass. Car-owners will see through this canard, at least until the asphalt turns its diabolic appetite to higher organisms. The parking facilities are adequate.

The open sides of the Center's shed are its beauty and its bane. Soft breezes blow in—but so do all manner of winged creatures. I recall a first act of *Faust* last year wherein a pigeon availed himself of the good Doctor's laboratory skeleton to find relief. The most disconcerting moment for a tenor in the throes of grave moral struggle is when he poses a series of cosmic questions only to have the audience break into sniggers. (He was not aware of the presence of the bird.)

A leisurely cricket chorus accompanies the stage troupe—and, despite what someone assures me were "precautions," monstrous flying machines punctuate many performances with their deafening (or at least annoying) counterpoint. Dulles Airport is a few miles away and operating at 30 per cent capacity. Comforting thought for the years ahead.

There are thousands of places to sit on the grass. People bring their children and their muscatel to watch and listen to the tastefully amplified proceedings at a reduced rate from the lawn. When it rains, however, the patrons in the shed suffer the uncomfortable suspicion that the Park Service has cowpoked a herd of rare bison onto the grass to graze and moo (or whatever it is rare bison do).

WHEN THERE IS applause between the movements of a symphony (even a Bartok symphony, for godsake), you know there are people present who as a rule watch *All in the Gunsmoke* on summer evenings. This is a more weighty matter than one might initially suppose. Can it be rectified by repetition of a repertoire with taste? Or is a compensation made in the interest of the comfort of the populace by importing Brubeck & Teicher and Country Sam and the Hammersharks? Either of these solutions, for obvious reasons, is less than satisfactory. So combine the worst features of each and you have the schedule of Wolf Trap's second summer.

This to be sure is not a phenomenon unique to the National Park Service and its performing showcase. Museums pander and there is a proliferation of art and music for the rabble which is assuming the dimensions of a stampede. But this engaging tendency, it seems to me, is accelerated when the government of the people assumes direct operation of a cultural thing. Certainly the Park Service is not at a loss to provide dancing bears or hyenas for the chorus, but is that Really What the American People Want?

I'm afraid so. As I said, it is with some justification that we look to Wolf Trap with an eye to the future of the arts in this country. My eye is becoming baleful. □

David Brudnoy *has just seen his* one-thousandth *film since beginning to review them. . . .* **Nika Hazelton** *is just off for Europe, whence she will write. . . .* **Brad Evans** *is on the staff of Rep. Gene Snyder, but his first love is music.*

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(Continued from page 798)

new consciousness, without benefit of rationality or any explicit vision of a divine order, will somehow generate an organic harmony in the world of men and things. Weber, a sociological analyst, was trying to *explain* a single phenomenon which actually exists, i.e., capitalism, on the basis of theological principles he observed in capitalist societies. Reich, on the basis of his own vision or consciousness, is trying to predict or even summon up a messianic age unlike anything that already exists, and different from the biblical view of the future in that all judgment is past (executed by him against the Establishment) and no future judgment awaits his coming Third Age.

Between the mossbound traditionalism which thinks that no real change is possible or desirable, and the messianic radicalism which assumes the divine right to pass a total condemnation on the present and an unqualified approval of the immediate future, there ought to be fair room for reasonable men to think, discuss, plan and build. In order to do this, it will be necessary to maintain a continual vigilance against emotional and apocalyptic stampedes from the messianic Left, whether from the votaries of violent revolution or of Consciousness III. Philosopher Herman Dooyeweerd has written that one of the main tasks for the Christian thinker in our century is to unmask the rationalistic unbelief that poses as scientific objectivity. We could paraphrase him and say that one of the main tasks for the political thinker is to unmask the irrationalistic belief that poses as scientific sociological analysis. Two good texts on which to start this unmasking are *The Secular City* and *The Greening of America*. □

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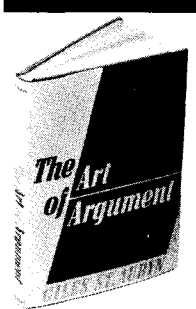

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TERBORGH

(Continued from page 790)

lege student has a tuition-and-fees scholarship for $2,000. The FAP grant to this family is $880 a year. The two families have total income of $4,213 and $10,380 ($8,380 excluding the scholarship).

These examples cover only the more important exclusions prescribed by the Family Assistance Plan; as I said earlier, there are so many that the possible combinations are legion. This sampling is enough to serve the purpose.

If the object of a national assistance program is to bring all eligible cases to a uniform level of well-being (or, viewed the other way around, to a uniform level of hardship), it is obvious that FAP simply can't do the job. It is riddled with inequity and discrimination. There is geographical discrimination resulting from the irrational pattern of state supplementation of the basic federal system. There is categorical discrimination in the effective exclusion of most of the "working poor" from such supplementation. Finally, there is discrimination within the federal system itself (and in state supplements as well) arising from the structure of exclusions.

Surely it is not too much to suggest that the designers of this system go back to their drawing boards. □

THEODORACOPULUS

(Continued from page 794)

themselves in Algiers instead of fighting back home.

After a week I am punch-drunk with acidulous revolutionary rhetoric, ascetic revolutionary faces, reviling revolutionary posters, and, worst of all, getting fat around the middle from rich revolutionary Arab food.

It is time to see the Panthers. The Black Panthers, and Eldridge Cleaver in particular, according to the grapevine, were in for a certain disillusionment once established in Algeria. The Arab prejudice against blacks came as a nasty surprise to Cleaver. He found conditions in socialist Algeria much more restricting than in capitalist America. Freedom of the individual as he knew it in the U.S. (despite his alleged harassment by the police and the time he spent in jail) was an unknown commodity in the sunny socialist republic.

Cleaver was accredited reluctantly by the Algerian government, and started drawing the $500 stipend. But his arbitrary "arrest" of Timothy Leary and his despotic and brutal way of treating his associates and immediate family awoke many people to the fact that he was concerned only about his own freedom and had no intention of respecting the freedom of others.

An ostentatious sign bearing the Panther insignia greets me as I drive up to a three-story house on a hill above Algiers. The house is fully equipped with Telex machines in constant touch with Babylon (America, in revolutionary jargon), also recording machines and printing equipment.

Michael Tabor is the Minister of Information now that Cleaver has gone underground. Well, not *exactly* underground—I managed to glimpse him relaxing in his unpretentious house not far from the office. He has nothing to say and sneeringly refers me to Tabor or Donald Coxe, the field marshal who rose to fame at Leonard Bernstein's cocktail party.

According to Tabor and Coxe, the black revolution in America is definitely coming within the next two years. Black civil disobedience has not subsided but rather has got more sophisticated in its methods. There are no more frontal attacks on pigs. Now there will be insidious assaults on bourgeois capitalist interests by means of bombing banks, blowing up ghetto housing, executions and infiltration of student bodies and civil groups.

Tabor reserves a lot of his invective for the "guilt-ridden, bourgeois motherf- - - - - - liberals."

"Like Lenny Bernstein?" I tease.

"Yes. Him and all the other kikes." Bobby Seale and Huey Newton are next and are invariably described as cowardly, money-hungry egotistic motherf- - - - - - who sold out.

Tabor, his wife, Coxe and their cronies spend most of the day disseminating news about oppressed peoples' battles for eventual distribution to America via their propaganda network.

My last evening is spent listening to an endless diatribe by Tabor. He asks me for money: The phone bill is overdue. He assures me that the only way for a black man to progress is through violent confrontation. He gives me the closed fist salute and repeats "right on, right on" as I thank him for his time. The last thing he yells as I get into a taxi is that the revolution is coming just as sure as the sun will shine tomorrow. □

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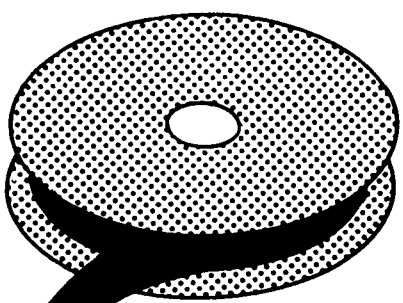
PAEGLE

(Continued from page 792)

posal at the SALT talks was interesting: that each side deploy a hundred ABMs around its capital city and nowhere else (this would require removal of the ABMs being built to protect our Minuteman sites in the West). Superficially, a fair proposal—but the USSR would gain a tremendous advantage, because while Washington is only 120 miles from the ocean, Moscow is far inland and so more difficult to hit accurately with submarine- or ship-launched missiles.

There are, happily, certain preventive measures that can be taken against the nuclear potential of the Soviet fishing fleet. Inclusion in the SALT agenda of a regulation of trawler forces is one; another is extension of our territorial waters to two hundred miles. Perhaps better, Russian fishing vessels might be banned, selectively, from approaching closer than two hundred miles (the precedent has been set by our selective restriction of the travel of Russian diplomats). We should undertake stringent and frequent inspection of trawlers on the high seas near our shores. To enable our Coast Guard to protect American fisherman better and our Navy to enforce the above measures effectively, the budget of the two services should be increased.

But perhaps the most effective response would be support for American commercial ventures near Russian shores including operations in the Baltic and Black seas. We could subsidize our fishermen and ask them to fish there. U.S. oilmen could drill for oil just outside Russian territorial waters, erecting suspicious huts on the decks of their rigs. Since these might conceal weapons, the right to inspect them might be bartered for the right to inspect Russian trawlers operating near the United States. □



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Why John Ashbrook?

On The Right

New York, June 26—They ask: Did it serve the purposes of the conservative movement to field John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) as a primary opponent of the incumbent, Richard Nixon (R., Calif.)? It is a fair question. Sectarian pride should on the one hand be acknowledged as an emotional necessity ("of course it was the right thing to do"). But there is also a role for candor ("it was a mistake").

A few observations:

1. Among conservatives, there is always a certain fear that the man they choose to represent them will say something kooky. The Left enjoys a peculiar immunity from this form of embarrassment. The daughter of Robert Kennedy can say blandly in public that she really sees no necessity to distinguish between Communists and Democrats because after all we are dealing only with a difference of opinion; and, after perhaps an embarrassed chuckle or two, the world yawns on. A conservative who made a blunder of complementary proportions would be read out of the community of civilized political discourse—with, I might add, my blessing.

John Ashbrook never posed such a problem. The boys who listened to him, hoping to hear from his lips something ideologically racy, so that they could situate him as a member of the John Birch Society or whatever, were terribly disappointed. John Ashbrook is a Robert A. Taft conservative. If anybody asked him at a public meeting, whether he didn't believe that the Protocols of Zion had prefigured modern international diplomacy, or whether he was aware that our troubles began with the membership of Dwight D. Eisenhower in the Communist Party, he'd have smiled, set the questioner straight, and moved on.

2. The failure was therefore in no sense personal. In addition to his negative qualifications (Ashbrook has been steadfastly anti-kook), Ashbrook pre-eminently fulfills the personal qualifications of the serious, personable candidate. He is all the usual things, and some not so usual. Sure, he is WASP, handsome, Middle Western, articulate. But he is also patently sincere, moderate in his rhetoric, compassionate in tone, and an honors graduate of Harvard University, from which college and law school he graduated, exhibiting an extraordinary immunity to ideological defilement.

3. Even so, he did not ignite an impressive rebellion against Richard Nixon. He ran in several primaries, but concentrated on New Hampshire, Florida and California. It is not believable how little money he spent on the three primaries: a total of 120,000 dollars. With that much money, George McGovern and his staff coudn't manage to move from Manhattan to Staten Island. Okay, so it is impressive that with those nickels and dimes he should have succeeded in getting 10 per cent of the vote (that was his average) in a race against an incumbent Republican President. Why did he not receive more financial support? Can we conclude that Ashbrook's failure to raise significant money suggests the absence of any support for his line of argument?

4. I think not. Everybody knows that Richard Nixon is going to be renominated. When Eugene McCarthy challenged Lyndon Johnson, the situation was different. The movement of world politics—the zeitgeist—was (and is) leftward bound. When Johnson bumped into his left, he bumped into: another Democrat.

WHEN NIXON bumps into his left—he finds Humphrey. Unless the zeitgeist changes direction, a right-wing challenger to Nixon cannot hope to profit from the prevailing political turbulence.

5. On the other hand, this doesn't mean that John Ashbrook accomplished nothing at all. The official figures suggest that only 10 per cent of the Republican voters preferred Ashbrook over Nixon. Very interesting. The official figures, as up until only a few weeks ago, suggested that the Democrats favored George McGovern by 4 per cent. The most effusive poll last winter lifted him to a heady 6 per cent.

6. The point to remember is that Richard Nixon in his attitude toward budget deficits, in his position on price and wage controls, in his easy-going attitude toward Soviet military superiority, in his coziness toward Communist China and Russia, is improvising. It is all very exhilarating, but it pays to remember that the pull of the tonic mode is very nearly irresistible, and eventually he has either to return to it, or to change key: emphatically, unambiguously. If he does so, the positions defended by John Ashbrook will emerge unclaimed by any major political figure. Inevitably, Candidate Nixon must fear that crystallization of public opinion. When that happens, he will look up and see that John Ashbrook (or whoever) has gradually become a Force. Without whose help, Nixon has had it. □

FEDERAL NO-FAULT

New York, June 28—In the next few days, the Big Government people in Congress will do their level best to take over from the states the automobile insurance business. The move in question is sponsored by Senators Hart and Magnuson, and it seeks to accomplish a good many things, among them to liquidate the states' automobile insurance laws, in preference for a gargantuan federal law based on the no-fault principle.

It is too fatiguing to go over the questionable constitutional basis for such arrant federal presumption. No doubt under the clause regulating commerce, the statists could get away with it. Franklin Delano Roosevelt taught us how to bend the commerce clause in such a way as to interpret the operation of elevators as interstate commerce. So let us not fancy that even a Nixon Court would constitutionally interpose itself in the way of Messrs. Hart and Magnuson.

No, the argument will be fought on the merits, or should be. And the pity of it is that the no-fault principle, which is very alluring, might prompt the Congress to stampede the federal measure through, for no better reason than that something that is attractive today is better enacted today by the Federal Government, than tomorrow or the day after tomorrow by the states.

In fact, the argument for a federal system was never more resplendent than in the current situation. The reason is that the whole no-fault business cries out for experimentation, and the best way to experiment is precisely to permit individual states to accumulate experience in the field. Most eyes are on Massachusetts, which has had a no-fault law for going on two years, and already an experience crystallizes there which will in due course

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answer the objections of the critics, or justify some of the hopes of the enthusiasts. The federal measure simply rides its way roughshod over many of the finer distinctions, and would bury them under the juggernaut.

Here, in abbreviated form, is what the arguments are about.

Should your automobile insurance entitle you to instant relief, in the event that you are in an accident, you get medical treatment, and you lose a few weeks' pay during your indisposition?

Well, yes, most people will say. But whereas medical bills are concrete, and here-and-now, as is lost income, an adjudication as to who was at fault takes time. Why should you have to wait to be reimbursed? Even if it is the most obvious case of innocent victim and vile tortfeasor?

But if you admit the principle, you walk instantly into complications. It is one thing to reimburse you for obvious financial privations—the cost of your hospital room, that kind of thing. But what about the more subtle privations? For instance, all the things that crowd under the phrase "pain and suffering"? Suppose you have a back injury, it is treated, you are discharged, but the damned thing nags you —say for the rest of your life?

AT THIS POINT you walk into a battle between two tough contenders. Allowing for many exceptions, it is reasonable to say that you get the lawyers against the insurance companies. The insurance people tend to take the position that a no-fault law, in order to work at all, has got to take a pretty tough attitude toward pain and suffering. Sure, be reasonable: allow the injured victim, through his insurance company or of course directly, to sue the offender in the event of obvious damage that goes beyond a couple of thousand dollars' worth of hospitalization —for instance, loss of limb, or disfigurement. But hold it down to that, down to some specified level of damage. Otherwise, you have got your no-fault for the smaller injuries, without doing anything at all to lessen the appetite of a victim for exaggerating pain-and-suffering injuries.

The lawyers tend to say that you simply cannot ask someone to give up his right to try to persuade a court about the extent of the injuries he has suffered, and the liability therefore incurred by the tortfeasor. They go on and say that we are tinkering with the ethos. That if we accept as a national tradition that a drunken driver or a hopped-up teenager can speed through city streets comfortably immune from any civil suit, no matter what damage he does, you undermine the whole notion of individual responsibility. The insurance companies reply that this has been done anyway, by every kind of "first party" insurance. If you go to sleep with a cigarette in your hand and burn up the building, the insurance company routinely pays off, without embarrassing lectures concerning your negligence.

So the debate rages. The federal bill simply takes a series of hard positions, and says to hell with contesting positions: Let everybody conform to congressional wisdom. Why? What is the purpose of the individual states, if not to permit, indeed encourage, individuation and experimentation? With all due respect, why should a resident of Connecticut defer to a senator from Michigan and another from Washington, to devise suitable laws governing automobile insurance in the state of Connecticut? A whale of a good point, no? □

McGOVERN'S LOOPHOLES *New York*, July 3—Little by little, analysis rolls in, to the considerable disadvantage of Senator George McGovern, who even as he has now embraced the cause of Israel more hawkishly than anyone since General Dayan, will surely, sometime before election day, deliver a paean upon the tax loophole. A fortnight ago Mr. Stewart Alsop reported that a big California backer, who made a fortune in computers, consulted one of his computers, feeding it one of Senator McGovern's formulas for bringing wealth to the needy, and discovered that there was $42 billion missing. I.e., that just one of the redistributionist schemes proposed by Senator McGovern was under-financed by a mere $42 billion. The backer in question was not the man best suited to question the reliability of computers. It is not known whether he will finally back off from his computers or from his candidate.

Now the Economics Division of the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh makes a few gentle comments about the loopholes Senator McGovern is forever talking about. Do you remember the one about all the people who reported gross incomes in excess of over $200,000 in 1970 and paid zero taxes? That is the moment when high indignation set in, every time Senator McGovern would mention the matter. What he did not mention is that there were exactly 106 such cases, and that a study of them reveals that the overwhelming majority paid taxes to foreign countries, receiving the usual tax credit; that they paid state taxes, or that they had deductions sanctioned by law. Senator McGovern did not mention that there are in fact fifteen thousand American citizens who reported incomes in excess of $200,000, who did pay income taxes—at an effective tax rate of 44 per cent, roughly triple the average rate.

Nor does Senator McGovern stress the uses of loopholes to people who are not necessarily rich. For instance, the joint return permitted husband and wife, in the absence of which loophole the government would realize $6 to $10 billion in additional revenue. The new tax law of 1969, regularly disparaged as a rich man's tax law, deserves to be criticized for any number of reasons, all of them, however, more complicated than those Senator McGovern comes up with. That tax law reduced the rate of income taxation by 82 per cent for those earning $3,000 dollars or less; by 43 per cent for those earning $3,000 to $5,000; by 27 per cent for those earning $5,000 to $7,000, and so on, with a reduction of 1.7 per cent for those earning $50,000 to $100,000 and an increase of 7 per cent for those earning $100,000 and over.

But all of the figures are tiresome, when put beside the principal point, which is that over the years Congress and the executive have done what they thought best to affect the allocation of resources. The economic newsletter sums it up:

"For example, it [the tax law] is used to encourage home ownership, to lower the cost of borrowing to state and local governments, to increase the value of retirement and unemployment benefits, to lower the cost of medical care and to encourage private philanthropy. Reasonable men can disagree whether or not the individual income tax law is the proper vehicle through which such objectives should be accomplished. But it is clear that proposals to abolish the existing set of tax preferences . . . imply a repudiation of the objectives which originally led to the establishment of the preferences."

It is quite literally that simple: Should Congress or should it not encourage married couples, home owners, the sick, the economically venturesome? Candidate McGovern will in due course need to face up to the consequences of his rhetoric.

When he does so, I would, for one, wish that he might say something truly radical. Namely that it is not the proper business of government to attempt to manipulate human economic behavior by a tissue of built-in biases in the tax law. The trouble with the idea of making justice via tax laws is that one never really knows what it is that one is accomplishing; who it is that one is hurting. Professor Friedman has over and over again demonstrated that efforts by the government to give the little man a break by this or the other welfare subsidy end by hurting him. A true break with economic interventionism would see McGovern coming out against rinky-dink tax laws, against all deductions (except those obviously justified), in favor of the elimination of the progressive feature of the income tax, and in favor of a maximum tax of 20 per cent. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A government report on any subject, in England — 194 2 16 58 68 134 140 150 158 181

B. A power possessed by some governors but not by the President — 213 182 216 164 25 3 171 180

C. What fifty-one senators constitute — 71 26 67 78 217 20 87 111 205 7

D. One who, during the English Civil War, advocated equality before the law — 112 33 74 120 169 155 129 82

E. Where a spendthrift Communist regime would wind up — 152 198 127 183 75 117 135 27

F. His name appears at the top of a list of senators because President of the Senate and for alphabetical priority — 168 115 219 124 186

G. Not necessarily right and too often left — 185 83 101 142 131 221 76 34

H. A French statesman born in Luxembourg — 193 48 35 102 222 94 174

I. Where some extraordinary Englishmen have sat (some stood because of lack of seats) — 136 60 5 57 12 43 86

J. It was no laughing matter when a Victor Hugo character spoke here; Tarzan (as Lord Greystoke) was a member — 18 70 218 90 100 132 139 147 156 160 207 11

K. A term applied to congressional investigations by those whose toes might be stepped on — 1 192 224 203 65 77 56 201 143

L. This word appears in the Preamble to the Constitution — 38 103 137 45 8 206 29 106 108

M. Having no force, binding power, or validity — 85 88 122 148 210 220 23 37 138 163 47

N. Unscramble THE ACHE — 154 128 187 209 69 66 195

O. The Parliament of Israel — 175 4 9 17 21 28 31

P. A Victor Hugo character who was a member of WORD J — 178 212 225 95 159 170 41 84 153 184

Q. The goddess of the rainbow — 223 50 91 44

R. One who calls himself a Moderate — 121 51 13 125 173 118 214

S. A parliament was named for him — 208 114 10 93 52 144 177 72

T. A bad palindromic organ in which the superstitious believe — 49 97 24 188 109 64 113

U. An English conflict was called "the war of the _____" — 80 161 157 53 133

V. A declaration of past loyalty to the United States; declared unconstitutional, 1867 — 89 190 151 99 199 73 104 15

W. One of the nymphs who reared Zeus — 110 119 62 200 149 22

X. The ancient port of Rome — 126 191 107 165 105

Y. The text of an opera — 141 176 81 40 123 197 166 204

Z. Attached to — 146 30 179 42 162 116 96

w. To inform or give notice of — 46 59 61 79 145 167

x. To lay aside for future discussion — 14 36 39 54 63

y. What Senator Fulbright is (careful!) — 32 19 55 92 98 189 202 211

z. A Hebrew measure — 6 130 172 196 215

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 812 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 K	2 A	3 B	4 O		5 I	6 z	7 C	8 L	9 O	10 S	11 J		12 I	13 R		14 x	15 V
16 A	17 O		18 J	19 y	20 C	21 O	22 W		23 M	24 T	25 B	26 C	27 E	28 O		29 L	30 Z		31 O
32 y	33 D	34 G		35 H	36 x	37 M	38 L		39 x	40 Y	41 P	42 Z	43 I	44 Q		45 L	46 w	47 M	
48 H	49 T	50 Q	51 R	52 S	53 U	54 x	55 y	56 K	57 I		58 A	59 w	60 I		61 w	62 W	63 x	64 T	
65 K	66 N	67 C	68 A		69 N	70 J		71 C	72 S	73 V	74 D	75 E		76 G	77 K	78 C	79 w	80 U	
81 Y	82 D	83 G	84 P	85 M	86 I		87 C	88 M	89 V	90 J	91 Q	92 y	93 S		94 H	95 P	96 Z		97 T
98 y	99 V	100J		101G	102H	103L	104V		105X	106L		107X	108L	109T	110W	111C		112D	113T
114S	115F	116Z	117E	118R		119W	120D	121R	122M		123Y	124F		125R	126X		127E	128N	129D
	130z	131G	132J	133U	134A	135E	136I	137L		138M	139J		140A		141Y	142G	143K		144S
145w		146Z	147J	148M		149W	150A	151V		152E	153P		154N	155D	156J	157U	158A		159P
160J	161U	162Z	163M	164B	165X	166Y	167w		168F	169D	170P		171B	172z	173R	174H	175O	176Y	177S
178P		179Z	180B	181A		182B	183E	184P	185G	186F	187N	188T	189y	190V	191X		192K	193H	
194A	195N	196z	197Y		198E	199V		200W	201K	202y		203K	204Y	205C	206L	207J		208S	209N
210M	211y		212P	213B	214R	215z		216B	217C	218J	219F	220M	221G	222H	223Q	224K	225P		

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This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional*. It's *scientific*. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts*. Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for two weeks *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action*.

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information*. Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $8,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail.

(Please print or type shipping information. The book will be mailed in a plain wrapper)

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MILSTAR Corporate Squares at The Chatterbox Restaurant in Jefferson Square office building and shopping center complex, Columbia, S. C.

Milliken revolutionizes restaurant carpeting with loose-laid Corporate Squares

MILSTAR is the totally new concept in commercial carpeting developed by Milliken Research. Now in 18" carpet tiles it supplies a combination of innovations never before available for restaurants:

Longer Wear. Pile is fuse-bonded into vinyl plastisol, providing resilience and wear equal to or better than the finest tufted and woven constructions. Tuft lock is superior to any other cut pile construction.

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Quick-Change Efficiency. MILSTAR Corporate Squares are dense-pile, snug-fitting, loose-laid tiles that need no adhesive. When spillage occurs soiled tiles can be replaced immediately by clean tiles on reserve. Results: Spilled food isn't tracked over carpet; maintenance cost is reduced; floor stays clean and attractive. Soiled tiles, easily cleaned, return to reserve.

This quick-change artistry is practiced successfully at The Jefferson Square Chatterbox Restaurant, shown above. Additional benefits: The carpet is anti-static, fade-resistant, with pile of 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber and 30% super lightfast nylon. In numerous solid and coordinated tweed colors, MILSTAR Corporate Squares offer limitless possibilities for dramatically patterned floors. For details, call or write Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

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